

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9209

NEWPORT, R. I., FEBRUARY 9, 1921

VOLUME CLXVI—NO. 36

The Mercury

ESTABLISHED BY—1831
The MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors
A. H. SANBORN
Mercury Building
107 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1784, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.
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Local Matters

GARAGE PERMIT GRANTED

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was a long discussion regarding the application of Horace N. Hassard for a permit to erect a garage on the old stable property at Spring and Touro streets. The matter had been continued from previous meetings after hearings had been given. At this meeting Mr. William R. Harvey again appeared before the board as representative of a number of nearby owners, to protest against the granting of the permit. He called attention to the large holdings of the objectors, and said that their property would be seriously damaged by the erection of a garage there. Judge Levy, a member of the Court House Commission, also spoke of the wishes of the Commission regarding the land, but said that the matter of price had proved to be a stumbling block between the Commission and Mr. Hassard. They would like to see the land laid out in a parkway.

On the other hand, members of the board of aldermen could see no assurance that the land would be taken over by the State, and they felt that to remove the present wooden buildings which constitute a fire menace would be an improvement. Mr. Hassard had agreed to throw out a portion of the land to allow of proper widening at that point. A motion to grant the petition was finally adopted.

After the public meeting, the board went into executive session and voted to advertise for bids for laying a concrete pavement on Broadway. They also elected the board of five members to administer the Mothers' Aid fund, as follows: Benjamin F. Downing, Rev. Roy W. Magoun, Senator John H. Greene, Jr., Miss Katherine Burns, and Miss Grace Ross.

Many bids were opened, and the city clerk was authorized to advertise for other supplies for various departments, the bids to be received later. The city deposits were awarded to the Aquidneck National Bank at 2.61 per cent. Mr. M. J. Kirby received the contract for repairs to the fire stations at a price, \$2,226. There were several other bidders. A contract was authorized for the purchase of a Howe scale for the highway department. A large amount of routine business was transacted.

The annual meeting of the Washington Commandery Drill Corps was held on Thursday evening, when Eminent Commander Fred W. Johnstone was elected chairman, Alvah H. Sanborn vice chairman, Chester Staats secretary, George R. deYoung treasurer, and Joseph McAlpine armorer.

The annual meeting of the Newport County Girl Scout Council was held on Thursday, when Mrs. Harry A. Titus was re-elected Commissioner, Mrs. William S. Sims and Miss Dorman Weaver Deputy Commissioners, Mrs. John Scannevin treasurer, and Mrs. Alfred L. Carry secretary.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Industrial Development Company has been called for next Monday evening, to consider further development of Commercial wharf property.

MORE LIQUOR ACTIVITIES

Prohibition officers and local police have been much interested in two events in this vicinity within the past week. One involves the sinking of a small schooner off Common Fence Point in the town of Portsmouth, and the subsequent salvaging of a substantial cargo of liquor. The other is the rather mysterious find of a quantity of illegal liquor stored in the attic of a residence, the owner being the one to notify the police.

The first intimation of the wreck in Portsmouth was the discovery of the masts sticking out of the water last Saturday. The vessel was in such deep water that no clue to her identity could be discovered, but it was believed that she was a small fishing schooner hailing from Newport, regarding which there had been some suspicion of rum running. Soon after the wreck was discovered, cases of wet goods began to come ashore, and on Sunday there were many expeditions looking for gifts from the water. Some contented themselves with wandering up and down the shore and grabbing whatever they could find in sight, while others went out in small boats and reaped substantial harvests. It is supposed that some persons who had a personal interest in the cargo were among the hunters, seeking to retrieve a portion of their losses.

The prohibition agents were notified and men were sent to Portsmouth to look into the matter. They followed up the reports of salvaging operations and took over some of the liquor from the finders. Just how the wreck occurred is not known, but it is supposed that in the heavy weather the craft came too near the shore and sank a sunken rock. There seems to be no doubt but that the crew escaped without difficulty.

The other liquor find developed a peculiar and unusual situation, the storing of the liquor there having features connected with breaking and entering. A young Newport woman, who leases an apartment in the Jacob Mirman building at Malbone Road and Van Zandt avenue, sub-leased the property to a naval family who recently moved out. After their departure she visited the place and found everything in order. On Monday she went there again, and found that a door had been forced open and in the attic she found more than 40 cases of liquor. She visited the Police Station and notified the police, with the request that the liquor be removed. This was done and the goods with the high retail value were placed under lock and key. What action will be taken will have to be figured out, as the owner of the liquor is not positively known and no one has come forward to claim it, naturally. Condemnation proceedings will doubtless be instituted.

Although several important seizures have been made in this vicinity lately, and stronger watch is being kept upon known landing places, there seems to have been little cessation in the activities of the rum runners. There is no question but that large quantities of illegal liquor have passed through this city within the past year.

Mr. Charles A. Worden died at his home in Jamestown on Sunday after a long illness, aged seventy-one years. He had been foreman at Fort Wetherill for a number of years and was well known in Jamestown. He was a member of Washington Lodge, F. & A. M., of Wickford, and of Newport Royal Arch Chapter. The interment was in Wickford.

A young man from Newport was arrested by the Fall River police this week, at the request of the Newport authorities on a charge of taking a taxicab from Washington Square. The man and the machine were brought back to Newport. He was arraigned before Judge Levy and held in \$5000 bail for the action of the grand jury.

The Supreme Court has overruled the defendant's exceptions in the case of State vs. Lucinda Scott, charged with maintaining a nuisance, and the case has been remanded to the Superior Court for Newport County, for sentence.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Eppley have started for a trip to the Mediterranean and expect to return about the first of May.

TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT

At the weekly meeting of the Lions Club on Thursday, Mr. Walter A. Wright, manager of the local telephone exchange, gave a very interesting talk on the development of the telephone system since his first arrival in Newport thirty-two years ago. At that time he was told by the late Henry Bull that if the number of phones in Newport ever reached 500, the limit would be reached. Today there are over 5600 telephones here, and the company is preparing for much wider growth. In the new development now being completed, cables from the Telephone Exchange to Cranston avenue carry 1200 pairs of wires, showing the confidence that the company has in the growing demand for service from the northern part of the city. The cost of the new improvements to cover all parts of the city, as now planned by the company's engineers, will be in the neighborhood of \$70,000, which a few years ago would have been considered an excessive investment for the entire plant in Newport. Mr. Wright related a number of amusing incidents in connection with his telephone work, and answered a number of questions regarding the company's service. Several members took occasion to speak of the reduction in operators' errors by the repetition of the word Newport in answering a subscriber's call.

SAFETY MEETING HELD

There was an interesting meeting in the old State House in this city on Sunday afternoon, called in the interests of public safety, following the deaths of a number of young persons as the result of automobile accidents. Mr. Alan R. Wheeler of St. George's School presided, and the principal speaker was Mr. George T. Seabury, manager of the Public Safety Council in Providence, who told of the accomplishments in that community.

At the conclusion of his address, it was voted to appoint a committee to provide ways and means for an organization in Newport and vicinity which will insure greater safety in the streets and roads. The following committee was appointed: Dr. Norman M. MacLeod, chairman; William A. Peckham, John H. Nolan, Rev. John H. Deming, James W. Thompson, Edward P. Gosling, George W. Bacheller, Jr., Walter C. Campbell, Miss Helen Emery, Miss Helen Weaver, Mrs. William S. Sims, Fred P. Webber, John H. Spooner, John L. Smith, B. Earl Anthony, Joseph A. Peckham, and William P. Sheffield.

The Literary Digest's poll of the votes on Mellon's tax reduction measure still continues, and the majority in favor of this plan continues to grow. Out of a total of 448,707 returns 339,579 votes are in favor of the tax reduction as proposed by Secretary Mellon and 109,128 are opposed. Not a single state shows a majority against the bill. New England is very solidly in favor of the plan. The votes of the six New England states show 50,101 in favor to 7,567 against. Rhode Island votes 486 "yes" to 76 "no."

Nearly all the Newport fire department was called out on Friday evening of last week, when two box alarms were pulled within a very few minutes. Box 431 called the apparatus to a stable off Chapel Street, and almost before the alarm for that fire was completed, box 3 was pulled for a fire in the Armour plant on Long wharf. The damage was small in each case, but there was considerable excitement because of the proximity of the alarms.

Allen W. Greene, Jr., nine years old, who was killed in an automobile accident in Plymouth, Ind., a few days ago, was a great-grandson of Mrs. Benjamin Easton of this city. His father is Allen W. Greene, and his grandfather Frederick Greene, who married a daughter of Mrs. Easton.

Following the reading before the Unity Club last Thursday evening, the members of the cast gave a "kitchen shower" for Miss Pauline Houghton whose engagement to Mr. Russell G. Haire was recently announced.

The dates for the annual Horse Show have been fixed for August 28, 29 and 30.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

Under the direction of Miss Pauline Houghton, James Forbes' well known play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," was capably presented before the Unity Club last Tuesday evening. In spite of the severity of the weather, the Charming Parlors were completely filled, and the audience were very generous with their laughter and applause.

Mrs. Edward R. Hays, who had been selected for the title role, was prevented from taking part by sickness, and Mrs. Louise G. Green stepped into her place at the last moment without a rehearsal. This necessitated several other changes in the cast, but in spite of this handicap, the production went off with remarkable smoothness. Miss Edith I. Vayro, a new reader before the club, made a pronounced hit in the character of Sylvia Fair, demonstrating much histrionic ability.

ADMIRAL SELFRIDGE

Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, retired, who died at his home in Washington on Monday afternoon, was well known in Newport and Jamestown. He had made his summer home in Jamestown for a number of years. He was the commanding officer of the Torpedo Station in the eighties, and married as his second wife a Newport woman, Miss E. Gertrude Wilde, who occupied a summer residence on Kay street.

Admiral Selfridge was the son of Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge and like his father had a distinguished record in the Navy. He had been given a number of decorations by this and other governments, and was well known abroad as well as at home. He was in his eighty-eighth year.

Patrolman Peter D. Ring, who was placed on the retired list of the Newport police department in 1920, died at his home on Ann street on Monday afternoon, after a considerable illness. Although he had been in failing health for some time, he had not been confined to his home and had been able to attend to his duties as keeper of the Ann street pier during the summer. Death was due to heart trouble. He was a native of Newport, and was appointed to the permanent police force in 1886. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and three daughters.

There has been a little quiet investigation in Newport during the past couple of weeks to see if there might be a possibility of pulling off a heavy-weight boxing contest in this city on July 4th, Jack Dempsey, champion of the world, to be one of the contenders. A suitable place was found, but it is believed that little will come of the matter.

An effort will be made to recruit boys over 14 years of age in the Sea Scouts, which will be organized here at once. Through the kindness of Captain Franck Taylor Evans, a large motor boat has been secured for week-end trips and for a summer summer cruise.

Because of the nervousness of the State's principal witness, a child of seven years, the case against Theodore Peckham, charged with setting fire in Middletown, was continued one week, when it was called for trial in the district court.

The Chamber of Commerce is joining forces with the state's representatives in Congress to secure a revocation of the orders transferring the Seventh Artillery Band from Fort Adams to Pensacola, Florida.

The Hammond radio torpedo will be given a try-out by a naval board at the Torpedo Station here within a few days. It has been in process of development at the local station for many months.

Steps have been taken to establish in Newport a Chapter of the Order of DeMolay for boys. It will be known as John Clarke Chapter and will be sponsored by Newport Chapter, Royal Arch Masons.

Mr. Grant P. Taylor is able to be at his desk in the Savings Bank of Newport, after being housed for a time by an attack of the grippe.

Mr. Charles E. Morrison is enjoying a three weeks' vacation in Canada.

HENRY TILLINGHAST IREYS

(Greenville, Miss., Democrat-Times)
The late Henry Tillinghast Ireys was born in Newport, Rhode Island, February 26, 1837. He was educated in Newport and in Brooklyn. In early manhood he spent considerable time in England and Scotland and on the Continent. He took up his residence in Washington County, Mississippi, in 1865, and died here December 24, 1923.

His life covered much more than the Biblical span of three score years and ten. And his labors, his experiences, and his activities epitomized the generation to which he belonged. Few Americans of the present day have any knowledge of the close relationship which existed in ante-bellum times between New England and the South. Between the educated, cultured people of the two sections there was and is much in common, in speech and custom, in mental habit and attitude. In commercial contact and relations cotton served as a connecting link in even more marked degree prior to 1861 than it has in more recent years. It was natural, then, that the subject of this sketch should in his own person have stood for and represented what was best in these two geographically widely separated regions. The ancestral home of his family for close to three hundred years has been Massachusetts and Rhode Island. But an uncle of his was a large cotton merchant in New Orleans; another uncle was a circuit judge in Claiborne County; and his father owned land in seven counties of Mississippi. The principal holdings of the family in this country were Falkland and Mount Pleasant plantations. The latter was opened in 1849 by Mr. Ireys' father, who was a friend of Major William H. Hunt, owner of the adjoining plantation. Mr. Ireys visited his father's plantation here in the early fifties. He also made several trips to New Orleans. It was, therefore, a simple matter for him to take up plantation life here in 1865, when he determined to make this his permanent home. Those people were not strangers to him then, nor was he ever for one moment of his succeeding life an alien to them. Like Sergeant S. Prentiss and many other New Englanders by birth and tradition, he became as truly and genuinely Southern in sympathy and thought as any man born to this soil.

Mr. Ireys was united in marriage to Miss Susan Elizabeth Taylor of this county in 1869. Her death preceded his by thirty years. His wife was the daughter of one of the most remarkable women who ever lived in Deer Creek country, Mrs. Susan Mosby Taylor, known for her good works to all her generation. Mrs. Ireys was a niece of Miss Paulina Pleasants Mosby, and a first cousin of Mrs. James E. Negus.

Mr. Ireys became one of the most practical and successful cotton planters in the Delta. He was not subject to the indictment of "land butcher," brought by many eminent authorities against American farmers. On the contrary, he built up his property by wise and prudent methods, so that under his management its productivity was steadily enhanced. He was intimately acquainted with every detail of plantation routine. In cooperation with Mr. C. P. Huntington and a few others, he was active in the construction of the first railroad built in this section of Mississippi. This was the Greenville, Columbus & Birmingham, of which Mr. Ireys was the first general superintendent, and with the operation of which he was actively connected until his sale, in the late eighties, to the Richmond & Danville. Mr. Ireys then formed a partnership with the late James E. Negus, under the firm name of Negus & Ireys. They conducted a private banking business for some years, when Mr. Ireys established the cotton factorage business which subsequently became the Ireys-Archer Cotton Company. He retired from business some eight or ten years ago.

From early manhood, Mr. Ireys was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. His religious life was simply part of himself. There was neither display nor ostentation about it. He did not attempt to force his religious opinions upon others. He established his own standards and requirements for himself and his family, but he had no quarrel with those of different views. If pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep oneself unspotted from the world, then his religion was pure and undefiled.

Mr. Ireys was a man of broad culture. He was a constant and discriminating reader. He knew German and French, and a number of years ago translated stories from those languages for his older children and for publication. He was fond of history and had accurate knowledge of it. He was the founder of the Washington

County Historical Society and contributed some valuable papers to it. He felt pride in the history of the county, and did his utmost to assist in preserving a permanent record of it. During the last twelve months of his life, he spent most of his time in re-reading the history of the Napoleonic wars.

It is an ancient and an honorable custom, probably long antedating Plutarch, for the living to moralize upon the lives of the dead. Certainly we may with profit consider the life, which has just passed from us. It may with truth be said of him that he had the highest possible conception of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and that he at all times and under all circumstances endeavored to discharge the one and never sought to evade the other. No man ever had higher ideals of family life, and no man ever more faithfully lived up to them. His chief legacy to his children and his family is the memory of a Christian gentleman, and an honored and a stainless name.

A. H. S.
Greenville, Miss., January 7, 1924.
Mr. John Ireys of this city, brother of the late Henry T. Ireys, is the only surviving member of the family.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Painful Accident to Herbert Peabody

Herbert Peabody, the 12 year old son of Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody, recently met with a painful accident to his eye. Some boys were throwing marbles in a sling shot, when one broke upon hitting the side of a building, the fragments lodging in the eye of the Peabody boy. This caused a hemorrhage back of the eye. It is not known whether the sight will be permanently affected.

Miss Amy Demery, of the faculty of the Rhode Island College of Education, has been spending her vacation in Baltimore.

Plans have been made for a fish supper which will be given at the Holy Cross Parish House by the Holy Cross Guild on Feb. 20. The committee in charge will be Mrs. James R. Chase, 2nd, Mrs. Clinton Copeland and Mrs. Howard Sanford.

Misses Annie and Winifred Mulligan have returned to their duties in New York after a month's visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Mulligan. Miss Winifred Mulligan is in charge of the private surgical floor and Miss Anna is in charge of the private medical floor of the Roosevelt Hospital, of which they are both graduates.

An auction sale of farm stock and tools was held at the farm of Mr. Edward N. Wyatt on Wednesday. Mr. Edward E. Peckham was auctioneer.

Mrs. Ida M. Hathaway underwent two operations recently at the Newport Hospital. One is a major operation and one of a less serious nature. Mrs. Hathaway, who is doing as well as could be expected, is a well known nurse.

Many pupils of the Oliphant School are ill with chicken pox.

Mr. Hall Webber, who has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber, is a member of the rifle team of Rhode Island State College, which has defeated every team with which it has been in contest up to date. Mr. Webber has been one of the 10 out of every 15 to shoot in every contest.

Miss Leona Peckham, Miss Gladys Peckham, Messrs. Hall Webber, Robert Howard, John H. Spooner, Jr., William Ford and Paul Johnson have returned to the Rhode Island State College at Kingston, after a short vacation.

News has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William C. Goodchild in Springfield, Mass. Mrs. Goodchild was formerly Miss Winnabel Annie Laurie Peckham, daughter of Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham of this town.

A community party was given at the Holy Cross Guild House recently by Messrs. Clinton Copeland, John Simmons, Jr., and Osmond Bacon. Games, whist and dancing were enjoyed. Mr. Bacon played for the dancing. Ice cream and cake were served and an enjoyable time was had by all.

Mr. Antone Lima was struck by an automobile driven by Mr. Manuel Marks of Beacon street on Tuesday evening, while walking along the road. In the storm and darkness, neither saw the other. Mr. Lima was carrying an umbrella, which helped to hide him from view. He was picked up in an unconscious condition by Mr. Marks and taken to the Newport Hospital, where he is recovering.

Friday afternoon at the Berkeley parish house a short business meeting of St. Columba's Branch of the Women's Auxiliary was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Copeland have gone to Springfield, Mass., where Mr. Copeland has secured a position. Mrs. Copeland will return here in a few days.

THE EVIL SHEPHERD

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Francis Ledsam, a powerful business man, is murdered in a rooming house. His wife, Mrs. Ledsam, is told by a young, prepossessing woman, who says that she is Oliver Hilditch's wife, that Hilditch is an arch-criminal and that Ledsam has turned loose a dangerous man to return his prey upon society.

CHAPTER II—Ledsam, dining with his best friend, Andrew Wilmore, meets Hilditch and his wife and is invited to dine with them at their home.

CHAPTER III—At dinner with the Hilditches, Oliver shows Ledsam how he killed his victim and says his own death the same way would make his wife supremely happy. Returning home, Ledsam receives a phone call from Margaret, saying Oliver has been murdered.

CHAPTER IV—Ledsam gets the coroner to not Oliver's death down as suicide. Later on he admits to Wilmore that he has developed a keen interest in Margaret. He meets her father, Sir Timothy Brass, the evil shepherd, who tells him a crime will be committed before they leave the cafe.

CHAPTER V—The crime is committed and Shopland, a Scotland Yard detective, asks Ledsam to interview the girl in the case.

CHAPTER VI—Daisy tells Ledsam nothing much, except that her companion had led a pretty fast life and was trying to break away from his old evil companions.

CHAPTER VII—By chance Francis meets Margaret and asks for permission to call, which she refuses. He tells her he will ask her father's permission and Margaret begs him to have nothing to do with Sir Timothy, although she admits he is everything that is kind to her.

CHAPTER VIII—Just as Sir Timothy appears to be the murderer in the second affair, another man suicides, admitting his guilt.

CHAPTER IX—Brass displays an unusual humane side to his character and mystifies Ledsam by it.

CHAPTER X

Francis Ledsam was himself again, the lightest-hearted and most popular member of his club, still a brilliant figure in the courts, although his appearances there were less frequent, still devoting the greater portion of his time to his profession, although his work in connection with it had become less spectacular. One morning, at the corner of Clarges street and Curzon street, about three weeks after his visit to the opera, he came face to face with Sir Timothy Brass.

"Will you dine with me at Hatch End tonight?" the latter asked. "My daughter and I will be alone."

"I should be delighted," Francis replied promptly. "I ought to tell you, perhaps, that I have called three times upon your daughter, but have not been fortunate enough to find her at home."

Sir Timothy was politely apologetic. "I fear that my daughter is a little inclined to be morbid," he confessed. "Society is good for her. I will undertake that you are a welcome guest."

"At what time do I come and how shall I find your house?" Francis inquired.

"You motor down, I suppose?" Sir Timothy observed. "Good! In Hatch End anyone will direct you. We dine at eight. You had better come down as soon as you have finished your day's work. Bring a suitcase and spend the night."

"I shall be delighted," Francis replied.

"Do not," Sir Timothy continued, "count disappointment by over-anticipation. You have without doubt heard of my little gatherings at Hatch End. They are viewed, I am told, with grave suspicion, alike by the moralists of the city and I fear, the police. I am not inviting you to one of those gatherings. They are for people with other tastes. My daughter and I have been spending a few days alone in the little bungalow by the side of my larger house. That is where you will find us—The Sanctuary, we call it."

"Some day," Francis ventured, "I shall hope to be asked to one of your more notorious gatherings. For the present occasion I much prefer the entertainment you offer."

"Then we are both content," Sir Timothy said, smiling. "Au revoir!"

Francis walked across Green park, along the Mall, down Horse Guards Parade, along the Embankment to his rooms on the fringe of the Temple. Here he found his clerk awaiting his arrival in some disturbance of spirit.

"There is a young gentleman here to see you, sir," he announced. "Mr. Reginald Wilmore his name is, I think."

"Wilmore?" Francis repeated. "What have you done with him?"

"He is in your room, sir. He seems very impatient. He has been out two or three times to know how long I thought you would be."

Francis passed down the stone passage and entered his room, a large, shady apartment at the back of the building. To his surprise it was empty. He was on the point of calling to his

clerk when he saw that the writing paper on his desk had been disturbed. He went over and read a few lines written in a boy's hasty writing:

"Dear Mr. Ledsam:

"I am in a very strange predicament and I have come to ask your advice. You know my brother Andrew well, and you may remember playing tennis with me last year. I am compelled—"

At that point the letter terminated abruptly. There was a blot and a smudge. The pen lay where it seemed to have rolled—on the floor. The ink was not yet dry. Francis called to his clerk.

"Angry," he said. "Mr. Wilmore is not here."

The clerk looked around in obvious surprise.

"It isn't five minutes since he came out to my office, sir!" he exclaimed. "I heard him go back again afterward."

Francis shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps he decided not to wait and you didn't hear him go by."

Angry shook his head.

"I do not see how he could have left the place without my hearing him, sir," he declared. "The door of my office has been open all the time, and I sit opposite to it. Besides, on these stone floors one can hear any one so distinctly."

"Then what," Francis asked, "has become of him?"

"The clerk shook his head.

"I haven't any idea, sir," he confessed.

Francis plunged into his work and forgot all about the matter. He was reminded of it, however, at luncheon time, when, on entering the dining



He Went Over and Read a Few Lines Written in a Boy's Hasty Writing.

room of the club, he saw Andrew Wilmore seated alone at one of the small tables near the wall. He went over to him at once.

"Hallo, Andrew," he greeted him, "what are you doing here by yourself?"

"Bit hipped, old fellow," was the depressed reply. "Sit down, will you?" Francis sat down and ordered his lunch.

"By-the-by," he said, "I had rather a mysterious visit this morning from your brother Reggie."

Wilmore stared at him for a moment, half in relief, half in amazement.

"Good God, Francis, you don't say so?" he exclaimed. "How was he? What did he want? Tell me about it at once! We've been worried to death about the boy."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I didn't see him," Francis explained. "He arrived before I reached my rooms—as you know, I don't live there—waited some time, began to write this note,"—drawing the sheet of paper from his pocket—"and when I got there he disappeared without leaving a message or anything."

Wilmore adjusted his glance now with trembling fingers. Then he read the few lines through.

"Francis," he said, when he had finished them, "do you know that this is the first word we've heard of him for three days?"

"Great heavens!" Francis exclaimed. "He was living with his mother, wasn't he?"

"Down at Kensington, but he hasn't been there since Monday," Andrew replied. "His mother is in a terrible state. And now this, I don't understand it at all."

"Was the boy hard up?"

"Not more than most young fellows are," was the puzzled reply. "His allowance was due in a few days, too. He had money in the bank, I feel sure. He was saving up for a motor car."

"Haven't I seen him once or twice

at restaurants lately," Francis inquired. "Surely, for instance?"

"Very likely," his brother assented. "Why not? He's fond of dining, and we none of us ever encouraged him to be a stay-at-home."

"Any particular girl he was interested in?"

"Not that we know of. Like most young fellows of his age, he was rather keen on young women with some connection with the stage, but I don't believe there was any one in particular. Reggie was too fond of games to waste much time that way. He's at the gymnasium three evenings a week."

"I wish I'd been at the office a few minutes earlier this morning," Francis observed. "I tell you what, Andrew, I have some pals down at Scotland Yard, and I'll go down and see them this afternoon. They'll want a photograph, and to ask a few questions. I dare say, but I shouldn't talk about the matter too much."

"You're very kind, Francis," his friend replied, "but it isn't so easy to sit tight. I was going to the police myself this afternoon."

"Take my advice and leave it to me," Francis begged. "I have a particular pal down at Scotland Yard who I know will be interested, and I want him to take up the case."

"You haven't any theory, I suppose?" Wilmore asked, a little wistfully.

Francis shook his head.

"Not the ghost of one," he admitted. "The reason I am advising you to keep as quiet as possible, though, is just this:—If you create a lot of interest in a disappearance, you have to satisfy the public curiosity when the mystery is solved."

"I see," Wilmore murmured. "All the same, I can't imagine Reggie getting mixed up in anything discreditable."

"Neither can I, from what I remember of the boy," Francis agreed. "Let me see, what was he doing in the city?"

"He was with Jameson & Scott, stock brokers," Wilmore replied. "He was only learning the business and he had no responsibilities. Curiously enough, though, when I went to see Mr. Jameson he pointed out one or two little matters that Reggie had attended to, which looked as though he were clearing up, somehow or other."

"He left no message there, I suppose?"

"Not a line or a word. He gave the porter five shillings, though, on the afternoon before he disappeared—a man who has done some odd jobs for him."

"Well, a voluntary disappearance is better than an involuntary one," Francis remarked. "What was his usual program when he left the office?"

"He either went to Queen's and played racquets, or he went straight to his gymnasium in the Holborn. I telephoned to Queen's. He didn't call there on the Wednesday night, anyhow."

"Where's the gymnasium?"

"At 147-A Holborn. A lot of city young men go there late in the evening, but Reggie got off earlier than most of them and used to have the place pretty much to himself. I think that's why he stuck to it."

Francis made a note of the address.

"I'll get Shopland to step down there some time," he said. "Or better still, finish your lunch and we'll take a taxi there ourselves. I'm going to the country later on, but I've half-an-hour to spare. We can go without our coffee and be there in ten minutes."

"A great idea," Wilmore acquiesced. "It's probably the last place Reggie visited, anyway."

However, inquiries at the gymnasium were fruitless, the manager becoming surly as soon as he learned the reason of their visit, and showing them the door in an abrupt manner.

At six o'clock that evening Francis turned his two-seater into a winding drive bordered with rhododendrons, and pulled up before the porch of a charming two-story bungalow, covered with creepers, and with French windows opening from every room to the lawn. A man-servant who had heard the approach of the car was already standing in the porch. Sir Timothy, in white flannels and a Panama hat, strolled across the lawn to greet his approaching guest.

"Excellent! timed, my young friend," he said. "You will have time for your first cocktail before you change. My daughter you know, of course. Lady Cynthia Milton I think you also know."

Francis shook hands with the two girls who were lying on the cedar tree. Margaret Hilditch seemed to him more wonderful than ever in her white serge boating clothes. Lady Cynthia, who had apparently just arrived from some function in town, was still wearing muslin and a large hat.

"I am always afraid that Mr. Ledsam will have forgotten me," she observed, as she gave him her hand. "The last time I met you was at the Old Bailey, when you had been cheating the galleys of a very respectable wife murderer. Poyning, I think his name was."

"I remember it perfectly," Francis assented. "We danced together that night, I remember, at your aunt's, Mrs. Malcolm's, and you were intensely curious to know how Poyning had spent his evening."

"Lady Cynthia's reminder is perhaps a little unfortunate," Sir Timothy observed. "Mr. Ledsam is no longer the last hope of the enterprising criminal. He has turned over a new leaf. To secure the services of his silver tongue, you have to lay at his feet no longer the bags of gold from your ill-gotten gains but the white flower of the blameless life."

"This is all in the worst possible

taste," Margaret Hilditch declared, in her cold, expressionless tone. "You might consider my feelings."

Lady Cynthia only laughed.

"My dear Margaret," she said, "if I thought that you had any, I should never believe that you were your father's daughter. Here's to them, anyway," she added, accepting the cocktail from the tray which the butler had just brought out. "Mr. Ledsam, are you going to attach yourself to me, or has Margaret annexed you?"

"I have offered myself to Mrs. Hilditch," Francis rejoined promptly, "but so far I have made no impression."

"Try her with a punt and a concertina after dinner," Lady Cynthia suggested. "After all, I came down here to better my acquaintance with my host. You flirted with me disgracefully when I was a debutante, and have never taken any notice of me since. I hate fidelity in a man. Sir Timothy, I shall devote myself to you. Can you play a concertina?"

"Where the higher forms of music are concerned," he replied, "I have no technical ability. I should prefer to sit at your feet."

"While I punt, I suppose?"

"There are backwaters," he suggested.

Lady Cynthia slipped her cocktail appreciatively.

"I wonder how it is," she observed. "That in these days, although we have become callous to everything else in life, cockbills and flirtations still attract us. You shall take me to a backwater after dinner, Sir Timothy. I shall wear my silver-gray and take an armful of those black cushions from the drawing room. In that half light there is no telling what success I may not achieve."

Sir Timothy sighed.

"Alas!" he said, "before dinner is over you will probably have changed your mind."

"Perhaps so," she admitted, "but you must remember that Mr. Ledsam is my only alternative, and I am not at all sure that he likes me. I am not sufficiently Victorian for his taste."

"The dressing-bell rang. Sir Timothy passed his arm through Francis'.

"The sentimental side of my domain," he said, "the others may show you. My rose garden across the stream has been very much admired. I am now going to give you a glimpse of the Walled House, an edifice the possession of which has made me more or less famous."

He led the way through a little shrubbery, across a further strip of garden and through a door in a high wall, which he opened with a key attached to his watch-chain. They were in an open park now, studded with magnificent trees, in the further corner of which stood an imposing mansion, with a great domed tower in the center, and broad stone terraces, one of which led down to the river. The house itself was an amazingly blended mixture of old and new, with great wings supported by pillars thrown out on either side. It seemed to have been built without regard to any definite period of architecture, and yet to have attained a certain coherency—a far-reaching structure, with long lines of outbuildings. In the park itself were a score or more of houses, and in the distance beyond a long line of loose boxes with open doors. Even as they stood there, a gray squirrel mare had trotted up to their side and laid her head against Sir Timothy's shoulder. He caressed her sympathetically, affecting not to notice the approach of other animals from all quarters.

"Let me introduce you to the Walled House," its owner observed. "So called, I imagine, because this wall, which is a great deal older than you or I, completely encloses the estate. Of course, you remember the old house, the Walled Palace, they called it? It belonged for many years to the Lynton family, and afterwards to the Crown."

"I remember reading of your purchase," Francis said, "and, of course, I remember the old mansion. You seem to have wiped it out pretty effectually."

"I was obliged to play the vandal," his host confessed. "In its previous state, the house was picturesque, but unhabitable. As you see it now, it is an exact reproduction of the country house of one of the lesser known of the Burgins—Sodina, I believe the lady's name was. You will find inside some beautiful arches, and a sense of space which all modern houses lack. It cost me a great deal of money, and it is inhabited, when I am in Europe, about once a fortnight. You know the river name for it? Timothy's Folly?"

"But what on earth made you build it, so long as you don't care to live there?" Francis inquired.

Sir Timothy smiled reflectively.

"Well," he explained, "I like sometimes to entertain, and I like to entertain, when I do, on a grand scale. In London, if I give a party, the invitations are almost automatic. I become there a very insignificant link in the chain of what is known as Society, and Society practically helps itself to my entertainment, and sees that everything is done according to rule. Down here things are entirely different. An invitation to the Walled House is a personal matter. Society has nothing whatever to do with any functions here. The reception rooms, too, are arranged according to my own ideas. I have, as you may have heard, the finest private gymnasium in England. The ballroom and music room and private theater, too, are famous."

"And do you mean to say that you keep that huge place empty?" Francis asked curiously.

"I have a suite there which I occasionally occupy," Sir Timothy replied, "and there are always thirty or

forty servants and attendants of different sorts who have their quarters there. I suppose that my daughter and I would be there at the present moment but for the fact that we own this cottage. Both she and I, for residential purposes, prefer the atmosphere there."

"I scarcely wonder at it," Francis agreed.

They were surrounded now by various quadrupeds. As well as the horses, half a dozen of which were standing patiently by Sir Timothy's side, several dogs had made their appearance and after a little preliminary enthusiasm had settled down at his feet. He leaped over and whispered something in the ear of the mare who had come first. She trotted off, and the others followed suit in a forlorn little procession. Sir Timothy watched them, keeping his head turned away from Francis.

"You recognize the mare the third from the end?" he pointed out. "That is the animal I bought in Covent Garden. You see how she has filled out?"

"I should never have recognized her," the other confessed.

"Even Nero had his weaknesses," Sir Timothy remarked, waving the dogs away. "My animals' quarters are well worth a visit, if you have time. There is a small hospital, too, which is quite up to date."

"Do any of the horses work at all?" Francis asked.

Sir Timothy smiled.

"I will tell you a very human thing about my favorites," he said. "In the garden on the other side of the house we have very extensive lawns, and my head groom thought he would make use of one of my horses which had recovered from a serious accident and was really quite a strong beast, for one of the machines. He found the idea quite a success, and now he no longer appears in the park with a halfter than, instead of stampeding, practically every one of those horses comes cantering up with the true voluncing spirit. The one which he selects, unless his neck and goes off to work with a whole string of the others following. Dotsley—that is my groom's name—tells me that he does a great deal more moving now than he used, simply because they worry him for work. Gratitude, you see, Mr. Ledsam, sheer gratitude. If you were to provide a dozen almshouses for your poor dependents, I wonder how many of them would be anxious to mow your lawn. . . . Come, let me show you your room now."

They passed back through the postern-gate into the gardens of the Sanctuary. Sir Timothy led the way toward the house.

"I am glad that you decided to spend the night, Mr. Ledsam," he said. "The river sounds a terribly hackneyed place to the Londoner, but it has beauties which only those who live with it can discover. Mind your head. My ceilings are low."

Francis followed his host along many passages, up and down stairs, until he reached a little suite of rooms at the extreme end of the building. The man-servant who had unpacked his bag stood waiting. Sir Timothy glanced around critically.

"Small but compact," he remarked. "There is a little sitting room down that shaft, and a bathroom beyond. If the flowers annoy you, throw them out of the window. And if you prefer to bathe in the river tomorrow morning, brooks here will show you the diving pool. I am wearing a short coat myself tonight, but do as you please. We dine at half-past eight."

Sir Timothy disappeared with a courteous little inclination of the head. Francis dismissed the man-servant at once as being out of keeping with his quaint and fascinating surroundings. The tiny room with its flowers, its perfume of hyacinth, its old-fashioned chintzes, and its fragrant linen, might still have been a room in a cottage. The sitting room, with its veranda looking down upon the river, was provided with cigars, whisky and soda and cigarettes; a bookcase, with a rare copy of Rabelais, an original Surtees, a large paper Decameron, and a few other classics. Down another couple of steps was a perfectly white bathroom, with shower and plunge. Francis wandered from room to room, and finally threw himself into a chair on the veranda to smoke a cigarette. From the river below him came now and then the sound of voices. Through the trees on his right he could catch a glimpse, here and there, of the strange pillars and green-domed roof of the Borghese villa.

CHAPTER XI

The little party at the Sanctuary sat over their coffee and liqueurs long after the fall of the first twilight, till the points of their cigarettes glowed like little specks of fire through the enveloping darkness.

At last Lady Cynthia rose to her feet and shook out the folds of her diaphanous gown, daring alike in its shapelessness and scantiness. She lit a cigarette and laid her hand upon Sir Timothy's arm.

"Come," she said, "must I remind you of your promise? You are to show me the stables at the Walled House before it is dark."

"You would see them better in the morning," he reminded her, rising with some reluctance to his feet.

"Perhaps," she answered, "but I have a fancy to see them now."

Sir Timothy looked back at the table.

"Margaret," he said, "will you look after Mr. Ledsam for a little time? You will excuse us, Ledsam? We shall not be gone long."

They moved away together towards the shrubbery and the door in the wall behind. Francis resumed his seat.

"Are you not also curious to peep

traze the mysteries behind the wall, Mr. Ledsam?" Margaret asked.

"Not so curious but that I would much prefer to remain here," he answered.

"With me?"

"With you."

She knocked the ash from her cigarette. She was looking directly at him, and he fancied that there was a gleam of curiosity in her beautiful eyes. There was certainly a little more abandon about her attitude. She was leaning back in a corner of her high-backed chair, and her gown, although it lacked the daring of Lady Cynthia's, seemed to rest about her like a cloud of grey smoke.

"What a curious man!" she murmured. "Can you solve a puzzle for me, Mr. Ledsam?"

"I would do anything for you that I could," he answered.

"Tell me, then, why my father asked you here tonight? I can understand his bringing you to the opera, that was just a whim of the moment, but an invitation down here savors of deliberation. Suddenly polite though you are to one another, one is conscious all the time of the hostility beneath the surface."

"I think that so far as your father is concerned, it is part of his peculiar disposition," Francis replied. "You remember he once said that he was tired of entertaining his friends—that there was more pleasure in having an enemy at the board?"

"Are you an enemy, Mr. Ledsam?" she asked, curiously.

He rose a little abruptly to his feet, ignoring her question. There were servants hovering in the background.

"Will you walk with me in the gardens?" he begged. "Or may I take you upon the river?"

She rose to her feet. For a moment she seemed to hesitate.

"The river, I think," she decided. "Will you wait for three minutes while I get a wrap. You will find some punts moored to the landing-stage there in the stream. I like the very largest and most comfortable."

Francis strolled to the edge of the stream, and made his choice of punts. Soon a servant appeared with his arms full of cushions, and a moment or two later, Margaret herself, wrapped in an ermine cloak. She smiled a little deprecatingly as she picked her way across the lawn.

"Don't laugh at me for being such a chilly mortal, please," she enjoined. "And don't be afraid that I am going to propose a long expedition. I want to go to a little backwater in the next stream."

She settled herself in the stern and they glided down the narrow thoroughfare. The rose bushes from the garden almost lapped the water as they passed. Behind, the long low cottage, the deserted dinner table, the smooth lawn with its beds of scarlet geraniums and drooping blue shrubs in the background, seemed like a scene from fairyland, to attain a perfection of detail unreal, almost theatrical.

"To the right when you reach the river, please," she directed. "You will find there is scarcely any current. We turn up the next stream."

There was something almost mysterious, a little impressive, about the broad expanse of river into which they presently turned. Opposite were woods and then a sloping lawn. From a house hidden in the distance they heard the sound of a woman singing. They even caught the murmurs of applause as she concluded. Then there was silence, only the soft gurgling of the water cloven by the punt pole. They glided past the front of the great white house, past another strip of woodland, and then up a narrow stream.

"To the left here," she directed, "and then stop."

They bumped against the bank. The little backwater into which they had turned seemed to terminate in a bed of lilies, whose faint fragrance almost enveloped them. The trees on either side made a little arch of darkness.

"Please ship your pole and listen," Margaret said dreamily. "Make yourself as comfortable as you can. There are plenty of cushions behind you. This is where I come for silence."

Francis obeyed her orders without remark. For a few moments, speech seemed impossible. The darkness was so intense that, although he was acutely conscious of her presence there, only a few feet away, nothing but the barest outline of her form was visible. The silence which she had brought him to seek was all around them. There was just the faintest splash of water from the spot where the stream and the river met, the distant barking of a dog, the occasional croaking of a frog from somewhere in the midst of the bed of lilies. Otherwise the silence and darkness were like a shroud. Francis leaned forward in his place. His hands, which gripped the sides of the punt, were hot. The serenity of the night mocked him.

"So this is your paradise," he said, a little hoarsely.

She made no answer. Her silence seemed to him more thrilling than words. He leaned forward. His hands fell upon the soft fur which encompassed her. They rested there. Still she did not speak. He lightened his grasp, moved further forward, the passion surging through his veins, his breath almost falling him. He was so near now that he heard her breathing, saw her face, pale as ever. Her lips were a little parted, her eyes looked out, as it seemed to him, half in fear, half in hope. He bent lower still. He neither shrank away nor invited him.

"Dear!" he whispered.

Her arms stole from underneath the cloak, her fingers rested upon his shoulders. He scarcely knew whether it was a caress or whether she were holding him from her. In any case it was too late. With a little sob of passion

THE EVIL SHEPHERD

(Continued from Page 3)



Her Lips Were a Little Parted, Her Eyes Looked Out, as It seemed to Him, Half in Fear, Half in Hope.

When his lips were pressed to hers, even as she closed her eyes, the agent of the bliss seemed to intoxicate him. He was back in his place without conscious movement. His pulses were quivering, the passion singing in his blood, the joy of her faint caress living proudly in his memory. It had been the moment of his life, and yet even now he felt sick at heart with fears, with the torment of her passiveness. She had lain there in his arms, he had felt the thrill of her body, some quiet inspiration had told him that she had sought for joy in that moment and had not wholly failed. Yet his anxiety was tumultuous, overwhelming. Then she spoke, and his heart leaped again. Her voice was more natural. It was not a voice which he had ever heard before.

"Give me a cigarette, please—and I want to go back."

He leaned over her again, struck a match with trembling fingers and gave her the cigarette. She smiled at him very faintly.

"Please go back now," she begged. "Smoke yourself, take me home slowly and say nothing."

He obeyed, but his knees were shaking when he stood up. Slowly, a foot at a time, they passed from the mouth of the stream out into the broad stream. Almost as they did so, the yellow rim of the moon came up over the low hills. As they turned into their own stream, the light was strong enough for him to see her face. She lay there like a ghost, her eyes half closed, the only touch of color in the shining strands of her beautiful hair. She roused herself a little as they swung around. He passed, leaning upon the pole.

"You are not angry?" he asked.

"No, I am not angry," she answered. "Why should I be? But I cannot talk to you about it tonight."

They glided to the edge of the landing-stage. A servant appeared and secured the punt.

"Is Sir Timothy back yet?" Margaret inquired.

"Not yet, madam."

She turned to Francis.

"Please go and have a whisky and soda in the smoking room," she said, pointing to the open French windows. "I am going to my favorite seat. You will find me just across the bridge, there."

He hesitated, filled with a passionate disinclination to leave her side even for a moment. She seemed to understand, but she pointed once more to the room.

"I should like very much," she added, "to be alone for five minutes. If you will come and find me then—please!"

Francis stepped through the French windows into the smoking room, where all the paraphernalia for satisfying thirst were set out upon the sideboard. He helped himself to whisky and soda and drank it absently, with his eyes fixed upon the clock. In five minutes he stepped once more back into the gardens, soft and brilliant now in the moonlight. As he did so, he heard the click of the gate in the wall, and footsteps. His host, with Lady Cynthia upon his arm, came into sight and crossed the lawn towards him. Francis, filled though his mind was with other thoughts, paused for a moment and glanced towards them curiously. Lady Cynthia seemed for a moment to have lost all her weariness. Her eyes were very bright; she walked with a new spring in her movements. Even her voice, as she addressed Francis, seemed altered.

"Sir Timothy has been showing me some of the wonders of his villa—do you call it a villa or a palace?" she asked.

"It is certainly not a palace," Sir Timothy protested, "and I fear that it has scarcely the atmosphere of a villa. It is an attempt to combine certain ideas of my own with the requirements of modern entertainment. Come and have a drink with us, ladies."

"I like you better than you believe," he answered her, slackening his speed a little. "We have met, I suppose, a dozen times in our lives. I have dined with you here and there, talked

"I have just had one," Francis replied. "Mrs. Hilditch is in the rose garden and I am on my way to join her."

He passed on and the two moved towards the open French windows. He crossed the rustic bridge that led into the flower garden, turned down the path and came to a sudden standstill before the seat which Margaret had indicated. It was empty, but in the corner lay the long-stalked lily which she had picked in the backwater. He stood there for a moment, transfixed. There were other seats and chairs in the garden, but he knew before he started his search that it was in vain. She had gone. The flower, drooping a little now, though the stalk was still wet with the moisture of the river, seemed to him like her farewell.

Francis was surprised, when he descended for breakfast the next morning, to find the table laid for one only. The butler, who was waiting, handed him the daily papers and wheeled the electric heater to his side.

"Is not our else breakfasting?" Francis asked.

"Mr. Timothy and Mrs. Hilditch are always served in their rooms, sir. Her ladyship is taking her coffee upstairs."

Francis ate his breakfast, glanced through the Times, lit a cigarette and went round to the garage for his car. The butler met him as he drove up before the porch.

"Mr. Timothy begs you to excuse him this morning, sir," he announced.

"His secretary" had arrived from town with a very large correspondence, which they are now engaged upon."

"And Mrs. Hilditch?" Francis ventured.

"I have not seen her maid this morning, sir," the man replied, "but Mrs. Hilditch never rises before midday. Sir Timothy hopes that you sleep well, sir, and would like you to sign the visitors' book."

Francis signed his name mechanically, and was turning away when Lady Cynthia called to him from the stairs. She was dressed for travelling and followed by a maid, carrying her dressing-case.

"Will you take me up to town, Mr. Ladsam?" she asked.

"Delighted," he answered.

Their dressing-cases were strapped together behind and Lady Cynthia sank into the cushions by his side. They drove away from the house, Francis with a backward glance of regret. The striped sun-blinds had been lowered over all the windows, thrushes and blackbirds were twittering on the lawn, the air was sweet with the perfume of flowers, a boatman was busy with the boats. Out beyond, through the trees, the river wound its placid way.

"Quite a little paradise," Lady Cynthia murmured.

"Delightful," her companion assented. "I suppose great wealth has its obligations, but why any human being should rear such a structure as what he calls his Borgeuse villa, when he has a charming place like that to live in, I can't imagine."

Her silence was significant, almost purposeful. She unrolled the veil from her motoring turban, took it off altogether and attached it to the cushions of the car with a huplin.

"There," she said, leaning back, "you can now gaze upon a horrible example to the young women of today. You can see the ravages which late hours, innumerable cocktails, a thirst for excitement, a contempt of the simple pleasures of life, have worked upon my once comely features. I was quite good-looking, you know, in the days you first knew me."

"You were the most beautiful debutante of your season," he agreed.

"What do you think of me now?" she asked.

She met his gaze without flinching. Her face was unnaturally thin, with disfiguring hollows underneath her cheekbones; her lips lacked color; even her eyes were lustreless. Her hair seemed to lack brilliancy. Only her slanting eyebrows remained unimpaired, and a certain charm of expression which nothing seemed able to destroy.

"You look tired," he said.

"The honest, my dear man," she rejoined dryly. "I am a physical wreck, dependent upon cosmetics for the looks which I am still clever enough to palm off on the uninitiated."

"Why don't you lead a quieter life?" he asked. "A month or so in the country would put you all right. If you were my sister, I'd take you away for a fortnight and put you on the road to being cured."

"Then I wish I were your sister," she sighed.

"Don't think I'm unsympathetic," he went on, "because I'm not. It is just you people who are cursed with a restless brain who are in the most dangerous position, nowadays. The things which keep us healthy and normal physically—games, races, dinner parties of young people, fresh air and exercise—are the very things which after a time fail to satisfy the person with imagination. You want more out of life, always the something you don't understand, the something beyond. And so you keep on trying new things, and for every new thing you try, you drop an old one. Isn't it something like that?"

"I suppose it is," she admitted wearily.

"I could point out the promised land, but how could I lead you to it?" he answered.

"You don't like me well enough," she sighed.

"I like you better than you believe," he answered her, slackening his speed a little. "We have met, I suppose, a dozen times in our lives. I have dined with you here and there, talked

nonchalantly, I remember, at a musical reception—"

"I tried to flirt with you then," she interrupted.

He smiled.

"I was in the midst of a great case," he said, "and everything that happened to me outside it was swept out of my mind day by day. What I was going to say is that I have always liked you, from the moment when your mother presented me to you at your first dance."

"I wish you'd told me so," she murmured.

"It wouldn't have made any difference," he declared. "I wasn't in a position to think of a duke's daughter, in those days. I don't suppose I am now."

"Try," she begged hopefully.

He smiled back at her. The reawakening of her sense of humor was something.

"Too late," he regretted, "during the last month or so the thing has come to me which we all look forward to, only I don't think fate has treated me kindly. I have always loved normal ways and normal people, and the woman I care for is different."

"Tell me about her!" she insisted.

"You will be very surprised when I tell you her name," he said. "It is Margaret Hilditch."

She looked at him for a moment in blank astonishment.

"Heaven!" she exclaimed. "Oliver Hilditch's wife?"

"I can't help that," he declared, a little doggedly. "She's had a miserable time, I know. She was married to a scoundrel. I'm not quite sure that her father isn't as bad a man. Those things don't make any difference."

"They wouldn't with you," she said softly. "Tell me, did you say anything to her last night?"

"I did," he replied. "I began when we were out alone together. She gave me no encouragement to speak of, but at my rate she knows."

Lady Cynthia leaned a little forward in her place.

"Do you know where she is now?"

He was a little startled.

"Down at the cottage, I suppose."

The butler told me that she never rose before midday."

"Then for once the butler was mistaken," his companion told him. "Margaret Hilditch left at six o'clock this morning. I saw her in traveling clothes get into the car and drive away."

"She left the cottage this morning before us?" Francis repeated, amazed.

"I can assure you that she did," Lady Cynthia insisted. "I never sleep, amongst my other peculiarities," she went on bitterly, "and I was lying on a couch by the side of the open window when the car came for her. She stopped it at the bend of the avenue—so that it shouldn't wake us up, I suppose. I saw her get in and drive away."

Francis was silent for several moments. Lady Cynthia watched him curiously.

"At any rate," she observed, "in whatever mood she went away this morning, you have evidently succeeded in doing what I have never seen any one else do—breaking through her indifference. I shouldn't have thought that anything short of an earthquake would have stirred Margaret, these days."

"These days," he repeated quickly. "How long have you known her?"

"We were at school together for a short time," she told him. "It was while her father was in South America. Margaret was a very different person in those days."

"However was she induced to marry a person like Oliver Hilditch?" Francis speculated.

His companion shrugged her shoulders.

"Who knows?" she answered indifferently. "Are you going to drop me?"

"Wherever you like."

"Take me on to Grosvenor square, if you will, then," she begged, "and deposit me at the ancestral mansion. I am really rather annoyed about Margaret," she went on, rearranging her veil. "I had begun to have hopes that you might have revived my taste for normal things."

"If I had had the slightest intuition," she murmured.

"It would have made no difference," she interrupted dolefully. "Now I come to think of it, the Margaret whom I used to know—and there must be plenty of her left yet—is just the right type of woman for you."

They drew up outside the house to Grosvenor square. Lady Cynthia held out her hand.

"Come and see me one afternoon, will you?" she invited.

"I'd like to very much," he replied. She lingered on the steps and waved her hand to him—a graceful, somewhat insolent gesture.

"All the same, I think I shall do my best to make you forget Margaret," she called out. "Thanks for the lift up. A bientot!"

(To be continued)

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And Then Folds Them Up When
Molested.

This pot plant lays claim to no distinctive beauty, but possesses such queer, interesting habits, that it is attractive to have growing indoors in winter. The curious thing about it is that by sulking in a marked manner it makes known its resentment at being disturbed or molested. If one leaf-tip is touched, the petiole, or foot stalk of the leaf connecting the blade with the stem, droops downward and the tiny leaflets, of which the whole leaf is composed, fold up one after the other, and soon the next leaf follows the action of the first, and so on, until the entire plant takes on a most sullen, gloomy, imposed-upon attitude.

A spell of the "sulks" may be brought on by a gentle shaking of the main stalk or by holding a lighted match some distance beneath the leaf-tips. A shower of rain, too, will cause the leaves to fold up in a few seconds, and at nightfall this queer plant sulks in a determined way, remaining folded all night long, to open only with the next morning's sunlight.

Botanists are unable thoroughly to understand the movements of this queer plant. The very young, tender specimens are extremely sensitive and move more quickly than older ones. Botanically, it is *Mimosa pudica*, commonly known as the sensitive plant. It may be found in most florists' establishments, growing in pots, quite convenient to be carried home to one's own window garden. If one prefers to grow the plants from seed, they should be planted a quarter of an inch deep in well-pulverized soil, and placed in a sunny window. The plants will grow from one to two feet tall; the leaves will be delicate green, and, eventually, flowers, fluffy balls of pinkish lavender, will bloom.

Glant Parrot of the Rockies.
Science now knows that there once lived in the Rocky mountains a glant parrot, with a massive beak and a ravenous voice, which might have sounded like a megaphone for miles through the ancient marches of prehistoric America. The bird stood seven feet tall, and its huge head was two and a half feet long. Of this there is no question. One nearly complete skeleton exists, and fragments of others, including skulls have been dug up. Perhaps 3,000,000 years have elapsed since this mighty fowl trod the earth. Although so mighty, the glant parrot was neither as big nor so formidable as another great bird whose remains have recently been dug up in Patagonia. The latter was a cursorial (running) bird of prey, a monster of the heron family. In fact, it was by far the biggest bird of prey that ever lived, and probably attacked with success large-sized animals. This remarkable fowl, says one authority, had a head bigger than that of a horse, with a huge beak as sharp as a pick. It stood eight feet high on its sharp-clawed feet. Its neck was as thick as a horse's neck, and its limbs very massive. Like the glant parrot, it had wings too small to be of any use for flight.

The Antiquity of Rope.

Rope comprises one of the earliest inventions and the method of making it has not greatly changed in all the ages that it has been in use. An improvement in the arrangement of the fibers in the twisted strands has been made recently which increases the efficiency of the rope from about 60 to 80 per cent.

Worst Flood of World.

The greatest flood disaster of which there is authentic record was the overflowing of the Hoangho, China, in 1887, in which the loss of life was estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000.

Just Like That.

Whatever parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand, and poison in the other.—Belguy.

Injun Joe Dead.

Injun Joe, called to fame by Mark Twain in "Tom Sawyer," died recently at the age of one hundred and two. For more than seventy-five years he had answered the call of the wild up and down the Mississippi river and never wandered far from its banks. Injun Joe, whose real name was Joe Douglas, emphatically denied being the original of the fictional Indian, but Hannibal, Mo., residents insist it is so. There was much of romance in his life. He was found in an abandoned Indian village of Callaway county and reared by a white man.

Pine Trees Most Profitable.

According to Science Service as a rule pines promise earlier and larger financial returns than hardwoods. They grow in close stands at a relatively rapid rate to timber size and some of them produce turpentine of commercial quality. With the exception of cottonwood, black locust and perhaps a few others the hardwoods require a longer period to produce merchantable timber.

Much Better.

Charles—Married yet, old man?
Edward—No; but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married.
"It's better, if you only knew it."

Too Soon to Tell.

Nursemaid—Well, 'ow d' yer like yer new mistress?
Maid—Can't tell yet. She's on 'er best behavior for the first few days.—London Punch.

Evolution.

From keeping company to getting engaged in marrying to divorce and to playing alimony and falling in love again are easy steps on life's accommodating escalator.

Love's Awakening.

Dear Sir—I am too excited for words. I have just experienced all the joys of having a pretty girl flirt with me. I found my chest expanded, my shoulders back, my head up and, most gratifying of all, my repeatedly condemned conceit for the moment justified. Ah, what a tonic!

"Twice in an elevator in the Insurance Exchange. I was alone in the car (pardon the operator) when she entered—not too tall—not too short—a blue-eyed blonde—young and lissome. Do you wonder my heart skipped a beat? And then she looked toward me and smiled, while one coy hand brushed from dimpled cheek an imaginary alien strand of the spun gold that was her crowning glory.

Skeptical as ever, I hastily brought my right heel down heavily upon my left foot's pet corn and found I was awake. She was still smiling, and slowly I hemmed upon her . . . my skepticism vanished.

A frown replaced the smile as the owner's fairy knuckles caressed my cheek . . . and my skepticism returned as I spat out three teeth. . . .

How was I to know there was a mirror back of me? —Min Nix.

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Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 5 per cent. less than our regular prices. They are in order to make room for our Summer and Autumn styles, which we will service about May 15. We guarantee the making of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

181 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

FIND ODD TRAFFIC LAWS IN SHANGHAI

American Traveler Tells of Motor-ing in China.

A friend of mine returned the other day from Shanghai, China, and the tale of the motor-ing laws in Shanghai may be interesting to American motorists, says Edwin Greer, president of College of Automotive Engineering of Chicago.

In the first place traffic runs along the left side of the street, which is the opposite to the American custom.

There are no many Chinamen on the streets that one would naturally suppose the law would require the motorist to drive slowly. On the contrary, they may drive as fast as they wish—it is up to the coole to get out of the way. However, if the motorist happens to bump a high-class Chinaman or foreigner, who he into him, for the law takes its full course, and for such an offense the motorist will, nine chances out of ten, find himself in jail, and Shanghai jails aren't very nice when one shares them with numerous coolies.

Few accessories are used on cars in the Orient, but then the cars are, for the most part, not worth dolling up. As long as they run on all four wheels nothing is done to them. When repairing is imperative only that work is done which is absolutely necessary.

The roads are narrow and constructed of cobblestones, except in a small downtown district. Cars and trucks do not last very long there.

The traffic officers are Sikh policemen, who stand at the main corners in a sort of dejected manner and wave their hands spontaneously, first in one direction and then in the other. "Hickies, macelines and street cars wait impatiently sometimes while a Sikh policeman settles a dispute among some coolies, then, with a start, wakes up and sends the held-up traffic on once again.

Most machines don't seem capable of breaking any speed laws. However, there are some very honest-to-goodness machines on the streets, driven by chauffeurs, and they for the most part are observant of the speed laws, or, at least, they watch the movements of other cars so as to avoid a collision.

Gasoline sells for a dollar a gallon, China money, or about 20 cents in gold. However, you can hire an automobile all day for \$5; but why use an automobile when you can have a "ricksha" for 50 cents a day and be carried somewhere between ten and twelve miles an hour.

Altogether, motor-ing in the Orient isn't a very comfortable sport, though most of the well-paid foreigners own automobiles or "motor," as they say over there. If you drive outside of the cities and have a breakdown, then your troubles begin, for there are not many garages in that country. In fact, the only place cars are used is in a short radius of the larger towns.

German Skulls in Danger.

A recent telegraph dispatch from Berlin says that the hickory club used by "New York's Finest" has been adopted by the Berlin police and with great results.

If this is true, Heaven help the German cranium, for New York's Finest use a hickory club, not a hickory club, and for the following reasons:

It rebounds from the human skull without cracking it.

It sounds after a musical note when it hits the pavement, and is thus used for important signals.

A hickory club would too often kill, and also make a poor signal.

The hickory comes to the city with the tradition of making the best of all fence posts, thus standing for defense of property rights.—New York Times.

A New York collector recently bought

a rare copy of the Bible, known as the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed from movable type. He paid \$50,000 for it. Now this claim of being the first book printed from movable type has been disputed by the Hollanders.

The Germans claim Gutenberg invented the art of printing, but in the flower city of Harlem, Holland, there stands on the Groote Markt a statue of Laurens Koster, another inventor of the art of printing. It is quite possible that two different men hit upon the idea

The Mercury

ESTABLISHED 1858

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Saturday, February 9, 1924

Massachusetts spent nine millions dollars in road building last year, and built 186 miles of new highways. Seven millions of this money came from auto license fees. The general government paid the state \$1,550,000, so it would seem that the state did not spend much of its own money, after all.

Ten persons were killed by automobiles in this state last month. This is six more than were killed in the same month last year. If this thing keeps on there will be no need of future wars to reduce the population. The automobile is more deadly than war. When Ford gets a few million more of his flivvers on the streets, there will be no room left for the pedestrians on the streets.

There are many ways of getting a living that are to be commended. A man down on Long Island has supported himself and a large family selling catnip. He has the business down to almost a science, and by supplying this tonic for felines all the year round he has slowly but surely accumulated a fortune, on which he has built a house, bought land and bought up a large family.

The price of coal to the consumer has increased one hundred per cent. since the World War began, and many of the big operators tell us that the end is not yet. Fuel Commissioner Webb, in this state, has sent out a request somewhat in the shape of a demand to all the dealers in this state, to reduce the price of coal, but as far as heard from no dealer this way has paid any attention to him.

Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, is not only a very wealthy man, but a man of great executive ability. Before President Harding appointed him to the treasury portfolio he was president, vice president, director of trustee in over sixty different banking institutions, big corporations and money institutions. All of which positions he surrendered when he accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

BRYAN THE PERPETUAL CANDIDATE

Bryan, the perpetual Democratic candidate for President, is in many respects a remarkable man. He has dominated every Democratic national convention since 1896, when he carried the convention by storm in his famous "crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech. This speech of his on the free silver question holds undisputed rank as the "greatest effort of his life." After it was made, no power could prevent his nomination. He was defeated at the polls by McKinley by an overwhelming majority. In 1900 Bryan had more than two-thirds of the convention on the first ballot. He was again defeated by McKinley, who was assassinated in Buffalo after one year of service on his second term, and Roosevelt became President. The convention of 1904 was absolutely in Bryan's control, but the popularity of President Roosevelt convinced Mr. Bryan that this was not a favorable year for him to make a third attempt. Accordingly he allowed Alton B. Parker of New York to be nominated. He had the plank upholding the gold standard stricken from the platform, and inserted a resolution denouncing "Protection as a robbery of the many for the benefit of the few." In 1908 Bryan was again a candidate for the third time and had no difficulty in obtaining the nomination. This time he was defeated at the polls by President Taft. In 1912 Bryan again dictated the convention, and by his strength defeated the nomination of Champ Clark, who had a majority of the convention, but went down to defeat under the two-third rule aided by Bryan's influence. Clark was very angry over his defeat and gave out the statement in which he said: "I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of Colonel William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska." In the convention of 1916 Wilson's renomination was a foregone conclusion, but Bryan was there and apparently as popular as ever. In the 1920 convention, Bryan was still a power to be considered, as bids likely to be the case in 1924.

Bryan's nomination in 1896 was hailed with great joy throughout the South, where he was then, and still is, very popular. It is quite probable that he would draw a bigger vote in that region today than would almost any Southern man.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Both senate and house on Tuesday passed resolutions of respect and sympathy to the memory of ex-President Wilson and adjourned till Thursday. Governor Flynn issued the following proclamation on the death of the ex-President:

"As a mark of respect to the memory of former President Woodrow Wilson, I direct that on Wednesday, Feb. 6, the day of his funeral, the business of all State departments be suspended at 1 o'clock p. m., for the remainder of the day.

"While his funeral services are being held between the hours of 3 and 4 p. m., I request that the citizens of Rhode Island devote themselves to prayerful remembrance of this great leader."

The resolutions in the senate were offered by Senator Greene of Newport.

The Democrats caucused and nominated William P. Clarke of Newport as the party candidate for member of the State Board of Education from Newport County, to take the place of Prof. Frank E. Thompson, deceased. They nominated Major John J. Richards of Providence for Adjutant General, and Daniel G. Coggeshall of Bristol for State Auditor. The Republicans had previously caucused and nominated William A. Peckham for State Board of Education, Gen. Callan of Warren for Adjutant General, and Philip H. Wilbour of Little Compton to succeed himself as State Auditor. The election will take place some time next week, probably.

Thursday in the senate a resolution condemning the Ku Klux Klan, offered by Senator Greene of Newport, was passed without opposition. The bill giving the Governor full appointing power of state officials was defeated by a vote of 44 to 43, several Republicans voting with the Democrats in favor of the bill. Most of the time in the senate was taken up in personal discussion. Senator Littlefield of New Shoreham introduced a bill to incorporate the Island Light and Power Company, capital \$100,000.

In the house, the senate resolution relative to the gathering of quahaugs was passed in concurrence, on motion of Mr. Boyd of Portsmouth. Mr. Bliss of Newport introduced a bill to incorporate the Newport Historical Society. Very little business has been transacted in either body this week, and the prospect is not brilliant for the passage of much important legislation at this session.

LOCATION OF THE GREAT OIL LEASE SCANDAL

Teapot Dome naval oil reserve, about which the greatest scandal in years centers, is a tract of 9,381 acres in Natronah county, Wyoming, about fifty miles north of Casper, Wyoming.

The reserve takes its name from a rock formation towering above the surrounding country, and combining a dome-shaped bulk of eroded sandstone with a spout that looks just like the spout of a teapot.

The oil, estimated at 22,000,000 barrels, is in a huge rock "cup" into which it drained through the ages and which now holds it as though it were in a tank.

Newport representatives are now dealing directly with Secretary of War Weeks, in their efforts to retain the Seventh Artillery Band at Fort Adams, as it is felt that the matter has proceeded so far that he alone has authority to revoke the orders already issued.

The police are looking into a rather suspicious occurrence on Bath Road a few days ago. A neighbor saw a quantity of dry excelsior under the piazza of the Beach House, and later found a kerosene lamp there. He removed both and notified the police.

The police patrol wagon is back on duty after extensive repairs.

It's Much Better to Go Away. If a wise man contemned with a foolish man, whether he rage or laugh, there is no rest.—Solomon.

Weekly Calendar—FEBRUARY 1924

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New moon, Feb. 4, 3:33 evening.
1st Quarter, Feb. 12, 3:10 evening.
Full moon, Feb. 20, 11:03 morning.
Last Quarter, Feb. 27, 8:16 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 4th inst., Mary Boylock.
In this city, 2d inst., Hannah Marie, widow of Martin Nilsson in her 16th year.
In this city, 4th inst., Peter B. Ring.
In this city, 4th inst., Christian F. Johnson.
In Jamestown, 3d inst., Charles A. Worden, in his 72d year.
In Jamestown, 1st inst., Jane Love, widow of Robert J. Donnelly, in her 84th year.
In Portsmouth, 10th ult., Catherine, wife of Bernard Began.
In Waukegan, Ill., Feb. 4th, in her 45th year, Beatrice Alina, wife of Clarence A. Jones, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Peckham of this city.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S POLITICAL CAREER

Ex-President Wilson, in his political career, may be said to have been the victim of circumstances, and a very lucky victim at that. When first proposed for Governor of New Jersey, he was taken by his party because he was an unknown man in politics, and therefore had made no political enemies. That state having been Republican for many years, it was hardly thought possible that any man of Democratic proclivities could be elected. A split in the Republican ranks made his election safe. In the Democratic National Convention of 1912, Champ Clark was considered the sure winner. He went into the convention with a majority of the votes, but Bryan, then all powerful in the party, threw his strength for Wilson and thus nominated him. His election was made sure, through the unfortunate split in the Republican ranks over the steam roller tactics employed in the re-nomination of President Taft. The Roosevelt forces were either silent or quietly giving strength to the Wilson forces. At the second election, in 1916, it was generally acknowledged, even by the Wilson leaders, that his chances for re-election were slim. But unfortunately for the success of the Republican ticket Candidate Hughes went to California and did not pay his respects to California's magnate, Senator Hiram Johnson. He was enraged at the slight and succeeded in the election of Wilson Presidential electors by about one thousand plurality, while he himself was, as the Republican candidate, chosen U. S. Senator by some three hundred thousand plurality. It was generally conceded on the night of the election that Hughes was elected, for no one thought for an instant that so staunch a Republican state as California could do otherwise than cast its vote for the Republican candidate. This same Johnson, who proved traitor to his party in 1916, now wants the party to nominate him in 1924.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT WILSON

1856—December 28, born at Staunton, Virginia.
1882-83—Practised law at Atlanta, Georgia.
1885-88—Associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr College.
1902—Aug. 1 became president of Princeton University, serving until Oct. 20, 1910, when he was elected Governor of New Jersey.
1911—Jan. 17, became Governor of New Jersey.
1912—June, nominated for President by Democratic national convention at Baltimore.
1912—Nov. 4, elected President.
1916—Nov. 7, Re-elected President of United States.
1918—Dec. 4, left United States as head of the American commission to negotiate peace.
1919—March 5, left on second trip to Europe, arriving at Paris March 14.
1921—March 4, completed term as President and retired to private citizenship.
1922—Jan. 15, breaks silence maintained since retirement, to renew his faith in the vitality of the League of Nations.

Politics run high both in our state and national legislatures. In fact, there is but little outside of politics in either organization. Legitimate business has to give place to political maneuvers for advantage to a political party; meanwhile, the state and the country suffers. This is the great year for politics and all the energies of the politicians are devoted to the one object of increasing the strength of their side in the campaigns which are to follow. The coming Presidential campaign will, in all probability, be fought more strenuously than have the previous campaigns for many years.

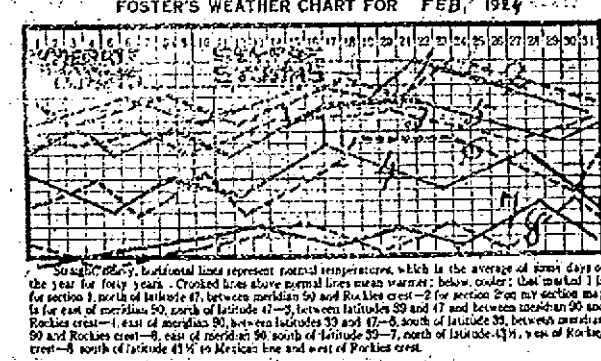
The city of Manchester, N. H., is a little worse off than Newport, as far as taxes are concerned. The tax rate this year in that city will be \$30 on a \$1000, while Newport will struggle along on \$21 on a \$1000. In some of the New Jersey cities, not far from New York, the tax rate is \$40 on a \$1000, and in some cases more.

William H. Jackson of this city, who has been assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives for many years, has been appointed a delegate to the Lincoln League Convention to be held in Chicago, February 12, 13.

Olive Growing. The region in which the olive may be successfully grown for commercial production of fruit in the United States is not so great as for most frost-hardy fruits. Commercial olive growing has been confined to portions of California and Arizona, although the trees will live and bear some fruit in portions of all of the southern states of this country.

When Men Are Earnest. "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "never learn to talk life is real, life is earnest, 'ceptin' when dey's in a crap game."

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN



Washington, Feb. 9, 1924.—Generally cooler weather is promised following Feb. 9, but the severe storms of the week centering on 13 will bring higher temperatures on all parts of the continent. That storm period will be very severe and may bring moisture to some of the dry spots. Last half of February promises much more quiet weather and better for outdoor affairs. The great storms are making strenuous efforts to dislodge the great drought and, in some cases, have had some success. This unusual war of the elements makes weather forecasting difficult. I overlooked the important fact that the western parts of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico are strongly magnetized and therefore are furnishing unusually large amounts of moisture that goes to meet the storms coming from the middle northwest and, for that reason, the drought has, so far, been continuously broken in western Texas and southwestern Oklahoma.

Indications are that the storm forces of March will be near the 10-year average and therefore not strong enough to break the drought where it will have started during the quiet weather last half of February. Considering the drought conditions, March promises to be a fair crop weather month.

A recent dispatch from San Francisco and, published in the Washington Star, says:

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent.) Mr. Hugh R. A. Anthony of Newport, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, will be at the Block Island Postoffice from Friday until Wednesday, and will be prepared to assist anyone in making out their income tax returns.

COMEDY A SUCCESS

The two-act comedy, "Playing the Game," presented last Monday night at the Center Methodist Church, by the D. Y. B. Club, was decidedly a success, as was evidenced by the generous applause of the two hundred odd who were in attendance.

The cast, composed of seven young ladies was especially well balanced and each was especially adapted to the part depicted. Mrs. Louise Mitchell displayed her usual character ability in the role of Maggie O'Toole, the maid and Miss Doris Mitchell as Aunt Phoebe was also a scream. Mrs. Ella Lockwood and Mrs. Marie Murray, mother and daughter, respectively, played their parts with commendable grace and ease, while Miss Doris Mitchell as Dorothy Warren, a timely friend, was at all times cool and calm.

Mrs. Anne Mitchell and Miss Frances Jaiken, portraying the difficult parts of Mrs. Laurier and Arline Laurier, were exceptionally fine and displayed no little ability in the several embarrassing situations which confronted them in their particular roles. The same cast has another comedy on the fire.

The Sunshine League held their regular weekly meeting and social on Thursday evening at the Methodist Parsonage.

Capt. and Mrs. Elam P. Littlefield are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Irving Anderson at Floral Park, New York. Capt. Littlefield is undergoing treatment at the Jersey City Hospital.

Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood entertained the D. Y. B. Club at her home last Monday evening.

The Sandy Point Automobile Club has requested the local authorities to install a "gas buoy" at the Woonsocket House Four Corners.

John Hyde has purchased a farm near Lonsdale, R. I., and expects to occupy the same about the first of April.

The Hudson Club held their first banquet of the season last Wednesday evening. Henry Dodge was toastmaster and introduced as the principal speakers, Nelius Rose and Speckle Rose. The general topic of discussion was "Seek and ye shall find."

Sausage Day, formerly alluded to as Ground Hog Day, indicates six weeks more of winter. The local ice dealers hope that his prophecy will come true.

The D. Y. B. Club will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Webber Murray on Monday night, Feb. 11th.

Pecanahontas. The real name of Pecanahontas was Matoaka. Pecanahontas is a verbal adjective, meaning he or she is playful. This nickname was used by Pecanahontas' father, Powhatan, in speaking with the Virginia colonists.

U. S. Coast Trade Bldg. The great length of our sea and lake coasts, the number of good harbors and the fact that most of the coast region of the United States has been settled makes the coast trade of this country the most extensive in the world.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. For Week Ending February 8, 1924

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES. Higher prices on apples and peppers and lower levels on lettuce and celery were the features of the past week's trading in shipped-in fruits and vegetables. Apples closed at \$1.00 per bushel and new arrivals of Florida peaches, after over a week's lapse, sold at \$3.40, and advance of 75c-80c per crate. Heavy supplies of western lettuce are depressing the market, California and Arizona iceberg reaching a range of mostly \$1.25 per crate. Florida Big Boston is in light supply and selling at \$1.25-1.60 per crate. Florida French Strain celery closed \$2.25 per 100 lb. crate in the rough, but because of curtailed movement at shipping points, New York prices are anticipated. California Golden Self-Bunching offerings show poor heart formation and sell slowly at \$1.20 per crate where good stock would probably bring around \$1.50 per crate. Maine Green Mountain potatoes show a slightly weaker feeling though closing at steady prices of \$1.90-2.00 per 100 lb. bag. Old cabbage from New York State moves at unchanged prices of mostly \$2.45 per 100 lb. bag and \$2.25 per barrel and new stock from Florida brings mostly \$2.00 per 100 lb. hamper for Wakefield. Old cabbage from New York State, Dutch, Onions are practically unchanged. Yellow stock from N. Y. and Conn. Valley points selling at \$1.75-2.50 per 100 lb. bag. Apples, oranges and grapefruit show little activity. New York State barreled Baldwin's A 2's from cold storage wholesale \$3.50-4.50 according to quality and condition and Northwestern boxed Winesaps and Staymans, medium to large sizes, extra fancy grades, range \$1.50-2.00 with a few fancy selling higher. Florida oranges and grapefruit range mostly \$2.40 per box.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed Poultry Market continues firm with a fair amount of trade. 1-1/4 lb. fowl seem to have the most call. Arrivals of chickens are for the most part showing coarse and staggy. Fowl: 5 lb. 32-33c; 6-1/2 lb. 30-32c; 7-1/2 lb. 28-30c; 8-1/2 lb. 26-28c. Chickens: 5 lb. 32-34c; 6-1/2 lb. 30-32c; 7-1/2 lb. 28-30c; 8-1/2 lb. 26-28c. Live Poultry receipts are light and demand fair. Turkeys were well maintained and dealers declined to ask a premium on any desirable stock. Feb. 27-28, chickens 14-15c; turkeys 18-20c. Eggs: 1-1/2 lb. 22-24c; 1-1/4 lb. 20-22c; 1-1/2 lb. 18-20c. Eggs: 1-1/2 lb. 22-24c; 1-1/4 lb. 20-22c; 1-1/2 lb. 18-20c. Eggs: 1-1/2 lb. 22-24c; 1-1/4 lb. 20-22c; 1-1/2 lb. 18-20c.

Business men of Lynn have pledged \$3500 to the fund of \$11,500 already contributed with which to purchase the bankrupt factory of the Cushing Shoe Company and turn it over to James N. Daly to be conducted as a "golden rule" establishment.

Mrs. Robert F. Stewart of Lawrence, Mass., and Mrs. Blair Brewster of Eastport, Me., sisters, ended a separation of 44 years when they greeted each other for the first time since their home was broken up in 1880 by the death of their father in Maine.

The death rate in Massachusetts showed a slight increase in 1923 over 1922. Secretary of State Frederic W. Cook announces. The deaths in 1923 totaled 63,136, or at the rate of 14.5 in each 1000. The deaths in 1922 were 61,115, or 13 in each 1000.

An unusual record was established in Waterville, Me., when twin sons arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rousseau, making the third pair of twins in four generations. The grandmother, Mrs. Scott Drummond, is one of twin girls and the great-grandfather, Hazen McNally had a twin brother.

Samuel D. Barton of Otis, Mass., found two wildcats in his traps up in the wilds near Otis reservoir. It was the first time in his 40-years' experience as a hunter and trapper that he had secured two cubs in one day, and the larger of the pair, weighing 28 pounds was the biggest wildcat killed in the Berkshire hills in a generation.

When a valuable cow owned by A. J. Couillard, Gardner, Mass., creamery owner, died on his farm in Hubbardston, after a mysterious two days' illness which a veterinarian was unable to diagnose, Mr. Couillard requested an autopsy. The operation disclosed a gold watch chain and a large wire nail in the animal's stomach.

Federal Judge Lowell in an opinion handed down in the United States district court, Boston, rules, for the first time in the history of the United States and English courts, it is said, that a proxy marriage, legal in the country where it is performed is legal in every state in the Union where common law marriages are recognized. The opinion, which, by lack of legal authority, is based as much on historical precedent as law, says that royalty made a habit of marriage and asks: "It royalty could do it, why may not those of more common clay be allowed to do so?"

Connecticut was interested in the United States supreme court decision declaring branches of national banks unlawful as the state appeared as "a friend of the court." The last General Assembly enacted a law prohibiting establishment of branches of state banks; but the question whether such a law would remain long in force was thought to rest on the decision which has been given in Washington. If federal banks were to be allowed branches, it was anticipated that the Legislature eventually would remove the bar to state banks doing the same.

WOODROW WILSON DIES IN PEACE

End Comes Sunday as Noon Hour Approaches

MEMBERS OF FAMILY PRESENT

Physicians of War-Time President Held No Hope for His Recovery; Began Sinking Feb. 1

PRES. COOLIDGE ISSUES PROCLAMATION

Washington, — Former President Woodrow Wilson died at 11:15 o'clock Sunday morning.

The end was peaceful. Life ebbed away while he slept.

A tired man, he closed his eyes and, sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, passed on to the great here-

just over the head-board. The watchers knew the battle was lost.

At the portal of the door now open, the faithful negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained with all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the man, withered right hand that had proved the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was his eldest daughter, Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. Close by, tears welling from his eyes and courting down his cheeks, was Dr. Grayson, taking the measure of the fluttering pulses, weaker and fainter with each effort.

Death advanced and beckoned for the last time. The tired, worn-out man drew a long breath, there was a slight flutter of the eyelids, an almost imperceptible twitch of the nostrils. Woodrow Wilson's soul had drifted out on the great dark tide that runs around the world.

Out through a city stifled in a Sabbath morning's reverential calm, his name was being spoken from a hundred pulpits. In the Central Presbyterian Church where he faithfully went to worship while the flesh was able, a choked-up congregation had sung "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "How Firm a Foundation," and "Onward, Christian Soldier," favorable hymns in which he loved to lift his voice in a happier, better day.

Mr. Wilson lived out his last fleeting life with the full knowledge that he was on the threshold of the great beyond. If, in his dying moments, he harbored any feeling at all for the men in public life who prevented the fulfillment of the ideals for which he repeatedly had said, he would have been glad to give his life, he never gave any indication of them.

He never spoke a complete sentence after declaring he was ready to die, and merely was able to whisper "yes" and "no" to gentle inquiries of how he might be made more comfortable. When he no longer had strength to do that, he gave his answers by making a motion with his head. Even then and until Saturday night he was able to recognize those about him. With the last sinking spell Saturday night, however, he fell into a state of complete prostration and fitful slumber in which his vitality slowly ebbed out.

The remote causes of death lie in his ill-health which began more than four years ago, namely: general arterio-sclerosis with haemophilia. The immediate cause of death was exhaustion following a digestive disturbance which began in the early morning hours of Feb. 1.

Last Friday the Grim Reaper forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase, and stood counting off the ticks of the great clock. Saturday night he knocked on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At 9 o'clock he rattled the knob and called to the peaceful, prostrate figure on the bed—a great bed, long and wide, a replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk American flag.

"I AM READY; TELL MRS. WILSON I WANT HER," LAST WORDS OF WILSON

Mr. Wilson's last words of sustained meaning were spoken Friday. They were: "I am ready."

Realizing fully that he could not hope to rally from the onslaught of the digestive disorder which sapped his strength, weakened his heart and accentuated the condition which followed his first stroke of paralysis, he watched for a moment when all except Dr. Grayson were out of his bed.

PRESIDENT ORDERS HONORS PAID TO MEMORY OF WILSON.

Washington—President Coolidge's proclamation on the death of Woodrow Wilson follows:

"By the President of the United States of America.

"A proclamation.

"To the people of the United States:

"The death of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States from March 4, 1913, to March 4, 1921, which occurred at 11:15 o'clock today at his home at Washington, District of Columbia, deprives the country of a most distinguished citizen, and is an event which causes universal and genuine sorrow. To many of us it brings the sense of a profound personal bereavement.

"His early profession as a lawyer was abandoned to enter academic life. In this chosen field he attained the highest rank as an educator, and has left his impress upon the intellectual thought of the country.

"From the presidency of Princeton University he was called to be the Chief Executive of the State of New Jersey. The duties of this high office he so conducted as to win the confidence of the people of the United States, who twice elected him to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic.

"As President of the United States he was moved by an earnest desire to promote the best interests of the country as he conceived them. His acts were prompted by high motives and his sincerity of purpose cannot be questioned. He led the Nation through the terrific struggle of the World War with a lofty idealism which never faltered. He gave utterance to the aspiration of humanity with an eloquence that held the attention of all the earth and made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind.

"In testimony of the respect in which his memory is held by the Government and the people of the United States, I do hereby direct that the flags of the White House and of the several department buildings be displayed at half-staff for a period of 30 days, and that suitable military and naval honors, under orders of the Secretary of War and of the Secretary of the Navy, may be rendered on the day of the funeral.

"Done at the city of Washington, this third day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-eighth.

"CALVIN COOLIDGE."

"By the President,

"CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, Secretary of State."

chamber. Drawing his friend and physician close, he murmured with some difficulty of articulation: "The old machine has broken down. You've done your best for me. But it's better that I should go than to live on a helpless invalid. Tell Mrs. Wilson I want her. I am ready."

EFFORTS AT PARIS CAUSED PARTISANSHIP

Woodrow Wilson's participation in the peace conference at Paris at the conclusion of the world war was aptly described by one writer as "a presidential voyage leading to the discovery of Europe." It was a voyage which aroused the bitterest partisanship in the United States.

Mr. Wilson's judgment was that since the United States had taken a principal part in ending the war, and since he, as President, had laid down certain principles of the peace as a means of preventing wars in the future, his place was at the conference where the peace was to be made.

There was a good deal of opposition in Congress, but having made his decision, Mr. Wilson went ahead with it, as was characteristic of him.

It turned out that the French, instead of wishing to start the peace conference immediately, planned to wait and meet in January on the anniversary of the day when the Germans took Paris in the great war of 1870. Meantime, the French statesmen were determined to have Mr. Wilson visit the devastated regions and see for himself what damage the German invaders had inflicted. He believed they wished to influence his feelings on the amount of indemnity and persistently refused to go.

"They want to make me mad," he told a confidant, "and I do not propose to settle such a matter as this while I am mad. I propose to settle it in the cold light of the facts."

DOCTORS FEARED WILSON WOULD DIE IN FIRST TERM

The real cause of Woodrow Wilson's death was a stroke of paralysis which followed his collapse in the late summer of 1919. Like Warren G. Harding he was stricken while on a speaking trip in the West.

The first indication of serious illness came during the night of Sept. 26, 1919, while the President's special train was between Pueblo, Col., and Wichita, Kan., coming eastward on the return part of his speech-making trip.

TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT

Twenty-eighth President of the United States, and the first Democrat since Jackson to serve two successive terms, Woodrow Wilson occupied the presidency during eight years of such world upheaval and turmoil that his proper place in history cannot be assigned to him until his contemporaries are likewise assigned to their places.

Certainly, he ranks as one of the great war Presidents of the American republic, and he exercised such an influence in world affairs as never before attached to his office.

LIVED LIFE OF RETIRED MAN LAST DAYS

After Woodrow Wilson left the White House in 1921 he took to the retired life of a man of letters which he continued until death.

He lived alone with his wife in a comparatively modest home for a man of his place, and maintained three servants and a car.

His daily routine was modeled on the eight-hour day which he once told Congress was "adjudged by the thought and experience of recent years a thing upon which society is justified in insisting as in the interest of health, efficiency and contentment."

PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF FORMER PRESIDENT WILSON

1856—Dec. 28, born at Staunton, Virginia.

1874-75—Davidson College, North Carolina.

1879—Received A. B. degree at Princeton University.

1881—Graduate in law from University of Virginia.

1883—Received A. M. degree at Princeton University.

1883-85—Practiced law at Atlanta, Ga.

1884-85—Post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University.

1885—June 24, married Ellen Louise Axson of Savannah, Ga.

1885—Received degree Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University.

1885-88—Associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr College.

1888-90—Held similar position at Wesleyan University.

1890-92—Professor of jurisprudence and political economy at Princeton University.

1893-97—Professor of jurisprudence at Princeton University.

1897-1900—Professor of jurisprudence and politics at Princeton.

1902—Aug. 1, became president of Princeton University, serving until Oct. 1, 1910, when he was elected Governor of New Jersey.

1911—Jan. 17, became Governor of New Jersey.

1912—June, nominated for President by Democratic national convention at Baltimore.

1912—Nov. 4, elected President of the United States.

1912—March 1, resigned as Governor of New Jersey.

1912—March 4, inaugurated as President of the United States for four years.

1913—Aug. 21, Mrs. Wilson died.

1913—December 19, married Edith Bolling Galt.

1916—Renominated at Democratic convention at St. Louis.

1916—March 4, Re-elected President of the United States.

1917—March 4, inaugurated for second term as President.

1918—Dec. 18, left United States as head of the American commission to negotiate peace.

1918—Dec. 12, arrived at Brest, France, reaching Paris the next day.

1919—June 28, returned to United States, arriving in Boston.

1919—March 3, left on second trip to Europe, arriving at Paris, March 11.

1919—June 28, signed peace treaty.

1919—July 8, arrived in New York.

1919—Sept. 26, taken sick.

1921—March 4, completed term as president and retired to private citizenship.

1921—Nov. 11, made first public appearance after leaving White House, in funeral procession of Unknown Soldier.

1922—Jan. 1, retired to private life, to renew his faith in the vitality of the League of Nations.

DR. W. J. ROBINSON

Elected Member of Royal Society of Arts



Dr. William J. Robinson, Ph. G., M. D., New York editor and author, has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts of England because of his sociological and medical writings. He is the editor of the Medical Critic and Guide.

SENATE ORDERS OIL LEASES CANCELLED

Walsh Resolution Unanimously Adopted After Effort to Amend Fails—Leases Tainted.

Washington.—The Senate passed, without a dissenting vote, the Walsh resolution, which directs the President to institute proceedings to cancel the leases of naval oil reserves, and to engage counsel to prosecute any wrongdoers in connection with those leases, independently of the Attorney General or the Department of Justice.

Senator Trammell, of Florida, proposed to amend the Walsh resolution by adding to it the resolution offered by Senator Robinson calling for the resignation of Secretary Doherty. Senator Lodge fought this earnestly, and after considerable debate Mr. Trammell withdrew it.

Ninety votes were cast for the amendment resolution. The six absentees were Senator Cole, of Rhode Island; Reed, of Pennsylvania; Weller, of Maryland; Stephens, of Mississippi; Willis, of Ohio, and McCormick, of Illinois. It was announced all of them would have voted "aye" if they had been present.

A last minute effort to have Congress declare the naval reserve leases null and void was made by Senator Howell, of Nebraska, who offered a substitute for the Walsh resolution providing that the reserves should be immediately seized by the Government. This was quickly defeated without a roll call.

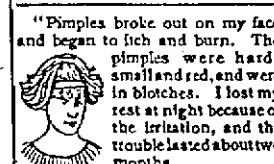
Senator Reed, of Missouri, drew from Chairman Lenroot, of the investigating committee, a promise that Edward L. Doherty would be recalled by the committee and asked under oath if he had paid any money to any man other than Mr. Fall in connection with the oil leases.

Senator Lodge gave his viewpoint of the Walsh resolution in speaking against an amendment proposed by Senator Trammell which would have made the resolution ask also for the resignation of Secretary Doherty.

An opinion of Atty. Gen. Jay R. Benton, of Massachusetts, holds that officers and employees of the State may receive from counties compensation for services which they are not by law compelled to render, and, likewise may receive from the State compensation for special services performed outside the usual working hours of their position.

Rather than have his 64-year-old wife serve a month in jail, Joseph Kirby, 53 years old, of Springfield, Mass., volunteered to serve in her stead and his offer was accepted by Judge Handy in district court. There is also a fine of \$100 attached to the sentence, which, if not paid, will add three months to his term. The Kirbys, Amelia and Joseph, were arrested on Jan. 7 in a liquor raid.

Miss G. De Young Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples



"Pimples broke out on my face and began to itch and burn. The pimples were hard, small and red, and were in blotches. I lost my rest at night because of the irritation, and the trouble lasted about two months.

"I tried a lot of remedies without any benefit. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed."

(Signed) Miss G. De Young, 271 Walden St., Cambridge, Mass., July 20, 1923.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap and occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. They are ideal for the toilet, as is also Cuticura Talcum.

Sample Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. M, Mail Box 48, Malden, Mass." Sold everywhere. See Dr. J. C. Williams' Skin and Tissue Section. Try our new Shaving Stick.

Incorporated 1819

The Savings Bank of Newport

THAMES STREET

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposits made on or before January 19, 1924, draw interest from that date.

Deposits \$13,642,505.10

A GOOD HABIT FORMER

An account with the Industrial Trust Company is a good habit former—helping the depositor to save regularly and deposit where funds steadily accumulate.

Your account is invited.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

Henry Ford will not locate his proposed new assembly plant in Lynn, according to a letter received by A. Murray Bowser of Lynn, president of the Putnam Fraternity. When Ford announced he was looking for a plot in Boston or nearby, Bowser wrote of the advantages of Lynn.

Ralph Lowell of Boston and Dedham, one of the original organizers of the Military Training Camps Association, has been appointed civilian aide to the secretary of war for the state of Massachusetts, to succeed John W. Farley, former state civilian aide, retired.

Tying the nuptial knot doubly is safer than to tie it only once, according to Chas. T. Landis, a Fitchburg, Mass., businessman, who was married twice in one day to Miss Helen Mangallas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mangallas of Manchester, N. H.

Osborne West, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. West of Hadley, Mass., who was graduated in June from Hopkins Academy and is now a student in the M. A. C. two-year course, has been named to the judging team representing Massachusetts in the juvenile contest in the National Poultry Show at New York City.

Just 60 years ago the late William E. Badger of West Quaboy, Mass., loaned a fellow townsman five dollars to buy a bow and arrow as a Christmas gift for his little boy. Soon after the man and his family went West. Recently a check for \$20.55 was received from the West by the widow, Mrs. Nellie Badger. A note said the check was for the loan and interest.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

TAMPICO.—Harry G. Rush, a German, arrested for counselling Antonio Prieto Laurens in his home, was released. Rush said he only did it out of friendship.

MEXICO CITY.—Rebel casualties in killed, wounded and prisoners in the last five days number more than 4,000, was announced by Secretary of War Serrano.

PARIS.—Ambassador Herrick finds French cold to his suggestion for funding war debt to United States.

ROME.—Publication of terms of Italo-Yugo-Slav Treaty on Fiume shows Wilson proposals used as basis.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Gov. McCray, of Indiana, was adjudged a bankrupt.

PARIS.—The indefatigable helicopterist, the Marquis Pescara, succeeded in breaking his own record for a sustained flight. He kept in the air 10 minutes 33.35 secs. covering 1,000 yds.

MILLVILLE, N. J.—Thompson Dickinson, father of fifteen-year-old Emma Dickinson, of Bricksboro, whose body was found two miles from her home September 22 last, nine days after she disappeared, was arrested for her death. The evidence against him was supplied by his father, Benjamin Dickinson, eighty-two years old.

BERLIN.—The experts' committee, headed by Brig. Gen. Dawes has arrived here.

CAPTOWN.—Gen. Jan Smuts has agreed to secure passage of a law automatically granting British citizenship to Germans residing in districts formerly belonging to the German government.

TRENTON, N. J.—Angelo Carline and Antonio Turco were put to death in the electric chair at the state prison here for the murder of John Koslar, a road agent, at Oak Swamp, near Newton, New Jersey in the month of September, 1922.

Where Time Has No Value. Among many African races, there are no words to indicate time of day.

Revealing Luella's Baron

By H. IRVING KING

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It was about the time when violets blow and robins hop about the lawn that Mrs. Calthorpe said to Mr. Calthorpe at breakfast: "Percival, I am beginning to think that Luella will never be married."

"Married!" exclaimed Mr. Calthorpe. "That child? Whatever put that into your head?"

"Percival Calthorpe," rejoined Mrs. Calthorpe, "do you realize how old our daughter Luella is?"

"Why," hesitated Calthorpe, "let me see—we were married in—"

"Luella," interrupted Mrs. Calthorpe, "is twenty-four years old."

"Hum, yes, I suppose you must be right. How time does fly, to be sure," answered the husband and father, to which highly original remark the wife and mother assented with a sigh.

"Aunt Maria," suggested Mrs. Calthorpe, "wasn't married until she was over fifty."

"I know," was the reply, "but I don't expect to live to be much over a hundred and would like to see Luella settled for life before I die."

"Well, well," said Percival optimistically, "perhaps she will meet some young man in Boston who will prove the destined fairy prince. Aunt Maria, in spite of her age, is always surrounded by young people and is a veteran matchmaker."

"She is," assented Mrs. Calthorpe, "a matchmaker and a lion hunter. If she can capture a wandering foreigner with a title she is delighted. I do hope she won't get Luella interested in some penniless, fortune-hunting nobleman."

"Any young man around here in whom Luella seems to take an interest?" inquired Percival.

"No," replied his wife, "not particularly. The new minister was very attentive at one time and I did hope—but it came to nothing."

"Cheer up, Martha," laughed Mr. Calthorpe, "perhaps Luella will bring back the goods from her visit to Aunt Maria. But none of auntie's impeccable nobleman—"

"I draw the line at that. Bless me, I shall be late at the office."

Luella returned from her visit to Aunt Maria. She had had "a lovely time" in Boston and was in high health and spirits. And there seemed to have taken place some subtle change in the girl. Mrs. Calthorpe studied the symptoms and diagnosed the case.

"Depend upon it, Percival," said she to Mr. Calthorpe, "Luella is in love." Skillfully, as she thought, Mrs. Calthorpe began to question her daughter about her visit, with an idea of eliciting confidence as to the man in the case, but with no definite results.

"Now, Mrs. Calthorpe was a great prowl!" Once a day at least she went over the house, and no room escaped her scrutiny. One afternoon, Luella being out, she found, lying on her daughter's writing desk in her room an opened letter. Regardless of the ethics in the case, she read it.

It was a love letter dated at Boston and signed "Baron Charlton."

Baron Charlton? Mrs. Calthorpe gave a gasp. In a vision she saw a notice in the society column of the morning paper: "Mrs. Percival Calthorpe is on a visit to her daughter, the Baroness Charlton, at Dunderbury castle, England."

Mrs. Calthorpe was a great reader of romantic fiction and a consistent patroness of the village free library. Thither she betook herself and asked the librarian if she had "any book on the British nobility." The librarian gave her "Burke's Peerage."

Mrs. Calthorpe pored over this entertaining volume for an hour; but her minutest investigations failed to reveal any Baron Charlton.

The horrid truth was borne in upon her—Luella had been deceived by a bogus nobleman. When her daughter came home Mrs. Calthorpe was waiting for her and plunged into the matter in hand at once.

"Luella, do you know a Baron Charlton?" she asked.

"Why, yes," answered Luella. "What of it? How did you know? Oh, I see, I left a letter from him lying on my desk. Marry me, have you been reading my letters?"

"It is well I did so, my poor child," said Mrs. Calthorpe. "You have been badly deceived—there is no such person as the Baron Charlton."

"No such person?" exclaimed Luella.

"No. I looked at the Peerage at the library this afternoon, and there is no Baron Charlton."

Luella gazed at her mother in amazement for a moment, and then, burying her face in her handkerchief, fled from the room.

"Poor child," thought the fond mother, "it will do her good to have her cry out alone."

Apparently it did, for Luella was in a surprisingly cheerful mood when she appeared that night at the dinner table. Mr. Calthorpe, who had been informed by his wife of her horrible discovery upon his return from the office, eyed his daughter in a rather perplexed manner, and at last said:

"Considering what your mother has told me you seem to be in rather good spirits, Luella. You don't think for a minute, do you, that I will allow you to marry this bogus baron, do you?"

"Oh, father," said the fair daughter with a giggle, "don't let's discuss the matter now. The young man in ques-

tion will be here to see you tomorrow. Settle the matter with him."

"I will," replied Calthorpe, with a grim expression. The morrow came, and also the young man. Calthorpe was in his office when the officer boy brought in a card. Calthorpe glanced at it and saw thereon inscribed "Baron Charlton."

"Send him in," said he, with fire in his eye, and a most presentable young man appeared and bowed smilingly and ingratiatingly to the portly head of the Calthorpe family.

"Mr. Calthorpe?" said the young man.

"That is my name," growled Luella's father, with suppressed fury. "And you, I suppose, are the miserable adventurer who, posing as a baron, has inveigled my daughter into—into—"

Percival so fumed with rage that he could not proceed.

"Posing as a baron?" cried the young man. "What do you mean? Oh, I see. You are mistaken, my dear sir. If you will look at my card you will see that there is a 'Mr.' before the Baron on it. Baron is my given name. Just as some people name their sons Earl, so my parents, unfortunately, named me Baron. I am no wandering noble, my dear sir, but a commercial traveler, with a big salary and an interest in the firm I travel for. Your daughter, whom I had the good fortune to meet in Boston, and I have agreed—" And so he went on.

It was the usual "asking father" stuff, and Mr. Calthorpe's reaction was such that he gave his consent in less than five minutes. Mrs. Calthorpe submitted, but always felt that she had somehow been cheated out of a most desirable paragraph in the society columns.

WEATHER FORECAST IN 1654

Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany Was Organizer of Corps of Meteorological Observers.

Concerted efforts to solve the mysteries of the weather run back to 1654, when a corps of meteorological observers was organized under the auspices of Grand Duke Ferdinand II of Tuscany. One of the most interesting facts about this pioneer enterprise is that the participants (mostly Jesuit priests), who kept up weather observations on a more or less uniform plan for 13 years, were not confined to Tuscany, nor even to Italy.

Unsuccessful efforts were made to obtain observations from Java, Labrador and Iceland. Instructions were drawn up in Latin for the guidance of the observers, who were well supplied with instruments of uniform pattern. Lastly, the records of this far-flung system of weather stations down to the year 1792 were published in twelve quarto volumes, copies of which are now among the rare treasures of meteorological libraries.

Earning His Money.

A certain Los Angeles lawyer who has not been a member of the bar for very many years never tires of telling about his first case and the advice given him by Judge Monroe one evening at the Athletic club.

It was the young lawyer's first case and he had been retained to defend an old offender on the charge of burglary. The rules of court allow each side one hour in which to address the jury.

It was on the night before this summing up that the lawyer said to Judge Monroe: "How much time do you think I should address the jury?"

"The full time, of course," said Monroe.

"The full hour? Why, there isn't enough to say to take up the full hour."

"Never mind that," retorted Monroe. "The point is that the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."—Los Angeles Times.

The Waiter's Tip.

They had spent some happy weeks in California. The sunshine was brilliant and the hotel fare was good. On the last day the waiter had their table decorated with flowers.

"A pretty touch of sentiment," commented one.

"More likely 'good business,'" declared the other.

"Huh?" asked the first, in surprise.

"Have you noticed what these flowers are?" asked the observant one.

"Forget-me-nots."—Boston Transcript.

A "Quiet" Day at Home.

Argument—Wife has gone shopping. The man of the house is spending the day at home.

Front door, back door—ring, ring, ring; telephone, telephone, zing-zing-zing. Milkman, iceman, something to sell; front door, back door, well, well, well. Front door, back door—"Any old clothes?" Telephone, telephone—"Is that you, Rose? Can't you play bridge, dear?" Hub is no shirk, but he can't stand this, so he goes back to work.

Reasonably Safe.

A couple of tourists were taking luncheon in a Los Angeles bunnery. While one of them read the market reports, the other got into conversation with the attendant. Pretty soon he confided to his friend: "Our waitress says she hopes to be a movie star some day."

"Comic or dramatic star?"

"Oh, dramatic, of course."

"Then I guess it will be safe to order pie."

Life's Little Surprises.

"It surprised me that Ed married Nell; he hardly knew her."

"It would have surprised me more if he had married her, knowing her as she really is."

FATHER REUNITED TO SONS LOST 17 YEARS

Youths Were Abducted by Their Mother in 1907.

Southbridge, Mass.—Camille L. Perron of Dresser street is rejoicing over the unexpected homecoming of his two long-lost sons, Camille Napoleon and Napoleon Wilfred Perron, whom he had not seen or heard from since their mother abducted them from their home here more than sixteen years ago, when the elder was three years and the younger only two weeks old.

Now grown to young manhood, they came back with their father after an eventful journey that extended half way across the continent and took them many months. Abandoned four years ago in South Dakota, they started East in search of their father and finally found him through a chance conversation with a taxi man.

Finda Family Missing.

It was on the night of July 11, 1907, that Perron returned to his home to find the house vacant and his wife and sons missing. No one had seen them leave. For several years he did not know where they had gone. Then newcomers into the town from the Canadian northwest brought the report that she and the two children were living in Willow Hills, Saskatchewan, with her parents, who had left their home in East Poulton, VI., to settle in that territory. Before her marriage, Mrs. Perron was Anna Blanche Jacob, and lived with relatives in Dudley, where her wedding to Perron took place.

Soon after their marriage they came to Southbridge, where the children were born and where they lived in apparent happiness until the mysterious disappearance of the wife and children. Perron said that he had never tried to communicate with his wife and bring about a reconciliation because he had never received a message from her and never knew why she left him. He said that the boys would be given every possible care by him and his eighty-two-year-old mother, Mrs. Marie Perron. Perron is now thirty-nine years old, and his wife is several years younger. He is proprietor of a jitney company operating in this town and Worcester.

Sons Start Hunt for Father.

According to the story told by the boys, their mother left them about four years ago somewhere in South Dakota, where they believe she is now living. Having been told that their father was living in Massachusetts they resolved to make the journey at the first opportunity. Their mother's uncle, Napoleon Jacob, who formerly lived in Marlboro but later moved to the Canadian northwest, decided recently to return East, and the boys made the trip with him.

They reached Worcester about a week ago, and since that time had been searching without success for their father. While walking on Worcester Common they met David Duquette, a Southbridge taxicab driver, and during their conversation with him learned that he knew their father. Duquette immediately telephoned to Perron, and the latter hastened to Worcester and brought them to his home here.

He celebrated their return by keeping open house, showering them with all the good things they could eat, new clothing and other gifts, and by receiving the congratulations of relatives and friends throughout the neighborhood. He intends to take them into business with him.

Judge's Request for Pay

Cut Amazes Politicians

Binghamton, N. Y.—H. C. Stratton of Oxford, appointed by Governor Smith as county judge of Chenango county to succeed James P. Hill, who was elected a justice of the Supreme court, has broken precedents by requesting the board of county supervisors to reduce his salary from \$4,000 to \$3,500.

The request struck a pleasing chord with the taxpayers, but politicians are horrified.

Judge Stratton maintains that \$3,500 is ample pay for the service he is called on to perform, and says the taxpayers should have the benefit of the extra \$500.

Son of Lord Youngest

Member of Parliament

London.—The youngest member of parliament as a result of the recent elections is Charles A. U. Rhys, who won the Romford division. He is twenty-four years old, and has had no previous political experience. He is the eldest son and heir of Lord Dynevor and is an officer of the grenadier guards.

Kills Self on Way

to the Undertaker

Huntington, W. Va.—I. A. Stumms of Savannah, Ga., who came here recently to engage in business, summoned a taxicab, paid the driver in advance and instructed him to drive about the city before taking him to an undertaker's establishment.

When the driver reached the undertaker's he discovered that Stumms had committed suicide by taking poison. A note in his pocket contained directions for his funeral.

Horses in World War.

More than 10,000 horses and 345,000 mules were shipped abroad during the World war.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

CROW, NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED

U. S. Experts Say Birds Do as Much Good as Harm.

Washington.—Crows have recently been roundly condemned in numerous sportsmen's periodicals and newspapers because of their destructiveness to other bird life, especially game birds. The articles, which were based on information gathered on the coastal islands of Virginia by an expedition financed by a well-known ammunition company, have made a profound impression in many quarters. Undue emphasis on peculiar local conditions, however, together with lack of distinction between the common crow and the fish crow and a faulty interpretation of the evidence at hand, has conveyed a grossly exaggerated and wholly erroneous idea of the predatory habits of the crow, according to specialists of the biological survey, United States Department of Agriculture.

That the situation is by no means so serious as pictured is apparent from statements in the articles that the Virginia islands mentioned abound in game and are the favorite nesting places of large numbers of marsh birds. The whole district also is, and has been for many generations, one of the favorite hunting places of the East.

There is no question that on these Virginia islands the fish crow and the smaller numbers of the common crow present are to be seen at their worst, as regards their relation to other birds.

The number of eggs of other birds reported to have been found under crow nests also has been emphasized.

The biological survey takes the attitude that on game farms and on reservations where both time and money are spent to maintain bird life to more than normal numbers, control of certain injurious species, including the crow, is warranted and even necessary. Government experts have done considerable experimental work and advise control measures in localities where the birds are injurious to crops. On the other hand, a careful study of the economic status of the crow demonstrates that over much of its range the bird, probably does as much good as harm, and under some conditions its usefulness is pronounced.

Woman Is Chief Chemist

of Veterans' Hospital

Miss Theresa Karger of Washington, chief of the chemical laboratory of Mt. Alto United States Veterans' hospital, one of the women in unusual employment. She has her bachelor's and master's degrees in science from George Washington university and took an intensive course at Rockefeller institute under government auspices in 1917, to prepare her for war work in the laboratory at Walter Reed hospital. She is a native of Cincinnati and her father, Gus J. Karger, is Washington correspondent for a Cincinnati paper.

Uses Snuff to Trap Man

Who Looted His Store

Danzig.—Snuff worked the ruin of a thief who was robbing a tobacco store in Langfur, one of the suburbs of this city. One night the tobacco dealer scattered snuff on the floor. When he opened the shop in the morning there were footprints in the snuff.

A police dog traced these to the door of the owner of the building. The owner was required to take off his shoes and socks and there were still stains of snuff on his feet and the snuff shaken from the socks caused the detectives to sneeze.

Female Alligators Lay from fifty to sixty eggs and bury them in the sand, where the heat of the sun hatches them.

By All Means.

If one isn't entirely sure he can sing, maybe he'd better give his auditors the benefit of the doubt.

Horses in World War.

More than 10,000 horses and 345,000 mules were shipped abroad during the World war.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS

By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

A SAND MOTOR TEETER TOY.

Cut uprights A and base B of the standard (Fig. 3) by the patterns in Fig. 5, and fasten the uprights to the base 3 inches apart. Then make the hopper (Fig. 4). Cut a square piece of board, 1/4 inch thick, of the size shown in Fig. 6, and saw it in half from corner to corner, for side pieces D, and cut end pieces E 2 inches wide by the length of the short edges of the side pieces. Lap the end pieces end to end, and nail together, then nail sides D to their side edges. Bore a hole through the center of this hopper bottom (Fig. 4), then fasten the hopper between supports A so the bottom is 3 inches below the top.

The teeter must be light in weight, and must be delicately balanced, so it will respond quickly to the overbalancing action of sand dropping into the pockets at the center. In making the first model, I used a stick for the

teeter plank, but found later that a strip of unsharpened folded into three works better because it is lighter (Fig. 6). Score the strip of cardboard along the dotted lines with a knife, before folding. The center sand pockets are made of the piece of cardboard G (Fig. 7), folded where indicated by dotted lines. Tack this to the sides of a block of wood 1/4 inch thick, 1 inch wide, and 2 1/2 inches long (Fig. 8), and glue the teeter board strip, at its center, to the under side of the pocket piece.

The teeter must be fastened between the supports so there will be 1/4

inch space between the top of block H and the outlet in the hopper, and so the outlet will be exactly over the center of the top of block H.

The purpose of strips G (Fig. 8) is to prevent the teeter from tilting too far. In the model illustrated, they are 1/4 inches below the nail pivots.

When the hopper has been filled with sand free from pebbles and dirt that might clog the outlet, the sand

will pour into whichever sand pocket is tilted uppermost, until the weight is sufficient to overbalance it, when the end of the teeter board on that side of the center will drop as far as bumper C. The sand will then spill out of the pocket. Meanwhile, sand from the hopper will pour into the other sand pocket, and when the weight becomes sufficient, the teeter will tilt.

A doll for each end of the teeter is needed, and in Figs. 8 and 10 I have shown parts of the right side.

Fig. 1 shows the completed desk and Fig. 2 shows a cross-section taken through the center, looking towards one end. The first part to make is the box beneath the top (Fig. 3). Cut the two ends A by the pattern in Fig. 5, and cut front board B and back board C of the widths shown in Fig.

2, by 28 inches long; then nail B and C to the ends of pieces A. The box bottom boards (D) fit between the end, front and back pieces, as shown. Nail through the end, front and back boards into their edges. Bevel the top edge of the front and back pieces to make them about the same as end pieces A.

The legs are made of two strips each, nailed together as shown in Fig. 6, the back legs consisting of strips E and F (Fig. 7), the front legs of strips G and H. Nail the legs to

the corners of the desk box, and trim off the tops even with the edges of the ends, front and back of the box.

The desk-top is made in two parts, one hinged (K, Fig. 2), the other (L) nailed in place to form a hinge-strip for the hinged portion. These boards should be long enough to project 1 inch over the ends of the desk, or come nearly flush with the sides of the legs. Fasten together the pieces that are to form the hinged portion, with battens (I, Fig. 3). Set the hinge flaps into the edge of the hinged portion and into the edge of board M, as shown in Fig. 3, cutting notches to receive them (Fig. 8). With the

desk top fastened in place, cut the back board N of the width shown in Fig. 2, by the length of board M, and nail it to the rear edge of board M (Fig. 8). The envelope-rack on back N is made of the pair of blocks O, and the horizontal strip P. Cut blocks O 1 inch square and strip P 1 inch wide by the length of board N.

The legs are braced by the cross strips I, fastened between strips B and G of the legs (Fig. 2), and by the board J, fastened between strips I. Board J also forms a foot-rest.

If you want to, you can partition off the desk box with thin wood.

Make one compartment for pens, pen-holders, pencils and erasers, a small compartment for stamps, and several compartments of the right dimensions for paper and envelopes.

The desk should be finished with two or three coats of paint. When the first coat of paint has dried, do whatever puttying is necessary before applying the second coat.

After you have completed the desk, get a large blotter to fit the top, and fasten it to the hinged portion with brass-headed tacks. Make a wooden base for your ink bottles, and screw brass hooks into the front to support pen-holders and pencils.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

By A. NEELY HALL

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

A WRITING-DESK.

Fig. 1 shows the completed desk and Fig. 2 shows a cross-section taken through the center, looking towards one end. The first part to make is the box beneath the top (Fig. 3). Cut the two ends A by the pattern in Fig. 5, and cut front board B and back board C of the widths shown in Fig.

2, by 28 inches long; then nail B and C to the ends of pieces A. The box bottom boards (D) fit between the end, front and back pieces, as shown. Nail through the end, front and back boards into their edges. Bevel the top edge of the front and back pieces to make them about the same as end pieces A.

The legs are made of two strips each, nailed together as shown in Fig. 6, the back legs consisting of strips E and F (Fig. 7), the front legs of strips G and H. Nail the legs to

the corners of the desk box, and trim off the tops even with the edges of the ends, front and back of the box.

The desk-top is made in two parts, one hinged (K, Fig. 2), the other (L) nailed in place to form a hinge-strip for the hinged portion. These boards should be long enough to project 1 inch over the ends of the desk, or come nearly flush with the sides of the legs. Fasten together the pieces that are to form the hinged portion, with battens (I, Fig. 3). Set the hinge flaps into the edge of the hinged portion and into the edge of board M, as shown in Fig. 3, cutting notches to receive them (Fig. 8). With the

desk top fastened in place, cut the back board N of the width shown in Fig. 2, by the length of board M, and nail it to the rear edge of board M (Fig. 8). The envelope-rack on back N is made of the pair of blocks O, and the horizontal strip P. Cut blocks O 1 inch square and strip P 1 inch wide by the length of board N.

The legs are braced by the cross strips I, fastened between strips B and G of the legs (Fig. 2), and by the board J, fastened between strips I. Board J also forms a foot-rest.

If you want to, you can partition off the desk box with thin wood.

Make one compartment for pens, pen-holders, pencils and erasers, a small compartment for stamps, and several compartments of the right dimensions for paper and envelopes.

The desk should be finished with two or three coats of paint. When the first coat of paint has dried, do whatever puttying is necessary before applying the second coat.

After you have completed the desk, get a large blotter to fit the top, and fasten it to the hinged portion with brass-headed tacks. Make a wooden base for your ink bottles, and screw brass hooks into the front to support pen-holders and pencils.

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Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET

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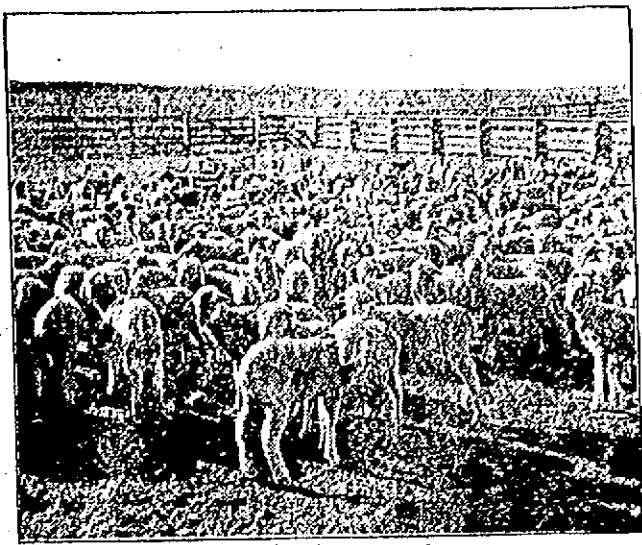
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There Is Need for Expansion of Sheep Industry in United States



Rambouillet Lambs, Six Weeks Old, at the United States Experiment Station, Dubois, Idaho.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture)

There is need for a considerable expansion of the sheep industry in the United States and the future holds promise of much greater stability for it than it has enjoyed in the past, say workers of the Department of Agriculture. They believe the expansion of the future will be characterized by less violent fluctuations than have been common heretofore because there is relatively little unoccupied land to which the industry can turn and the pioneer phase of mutton and wool production is rapidly passing.

Nevertheless it is pointed out that the sheepman in this country will always have to meet severe foreign competition. He must not only compete with wool growers in other countries, but with producers of other live stock, for land, labor and machinery of production. There is also the problem of getting an adequate place for lamb and mutton in the diet of the country.

Moreover the sheepman are warned that the recurring cycles of prosperity or depression that have been the bane of the sheep industry in the past cannot be altogether eliminated. When prices for mutton and wool are low producers necessarily reduce their flocks. This action increases the number of sheep marketed and causes additional price depression. Later on the supply of wool and mutton gets low so that prices rise again. When this takes place producers once more enlarge their flocks until the demand is overhot again and the cycle is repeated. The sheep industry reached a low point during the recent period of financial depression. It is now "building" up, but the department's workers do not expect any early saturation of the home demand because the market for mutton is continuing strong and the country normally has to import about half its wool supply.

Scientific Knowledge Essential.

Many eastern and midwestern farmers, it is said, can now more readily meet the competition of the west range operators. The eastern men have good nearby markets and in many cases can raise sheep at a lower cost than is possible under some western range conditions. Rapid increase in the East seems, however, to be limited by lack of knowledge concerning the care of sheep and also by the attractions of other branches of farming. In the West expansion is expected to be on the basis of higher operating costs than formerly, but sheepmen are meeting this condition by eliminating wasteful methods and following scientific principles in sheep raising. One handicap is the difficulty of securing adequate range. Many operators using the public domain are faced with uncertainty as to how much longer these lands will be available to them.

Important changes have taken place in the sheep industry in the last twenty years. Formerly sheep in the United States were raised almost exclusively for wool. Recently the production of mutton and lamb has assumed a dominating place in the industry. In many western range outfits lambs furnish approximately 55 per cent of the revenue. But one of the greatest problems in marketing is that of avoiding congestion during the three-month period from August 15 to November 15, and the department's specialists urge sheepmen throughout the country to give this matter their close attention.

Lamb receipts at leading markets in this three-month period are frequently much greater than can be readily absorbed. Such gluts always break prices. Autumn congestion is aggravated by the practice of marketing lambs of inferior quality at this time. These inferior native lambs have a depressing influence on the market. Besides hurting the sale of good lambs, they generally fetch prices below production costs. Sheepmen who can get their lambs to market earlier are advised to do so; but if the lambs are not suitable for slaughter before August they should be held a few weeks or shipped to feed lots.

Another problem which the sheepmen are faced with is that of winning a stable market for lamb and mutton. Consumption of lamb and mutton in this country varies widely from year to year. From 1907 to 1922 per capita consumption ranged from 4.7 pounds in 1917 to 8.2 pounds in 1912, a variation of more than 74 per cent. The importance of this variation is apparent when the fact is taken into account that there is practically

no foreign trade in lamb and mutton. More lamb and mutton is eaten in the Northeast and far western sections than elsewhere. Its consumption is lowest in the South Atlantic, South Central and North Central states.

Mutton consumption increases. Improved methods of slaughter and the development of artificial refrigeration have greatly increased the consumption of mutton in the United States in the last thirty years. It is, however, considerably lower than in many other countries. Average annual per capita consumption of lamb and mutton for the ten-year period 1912-1921 in the United States was 6.2 pounds. This compares with a per capita consumption of 9 pounds in Canada in 1910; 26.7 pounds in the United Kingdom from 1895 to 1909; 9 pounds in France in 1904; and in Germany of only 2.2 pounds a year for 1904-1913.

In these periods the consumption of lamb and mutton in these countries constituted the following percentages of the total meat consumption: 4.35 per cent in the United States; 5.57 per cent for Canada; 22.25 per cent for the United Kingdom; 11.25 per cent for France; 1.91 per cent for Germany.

Thus it is evident that the problem of increasing consumption in this country is an important one. Largely because of the dual character of the sheep industry, which requires a steady market for both meats and wool, the sheepman's marketing problems are more difficult than those of either the cattle or the hog producer. People in this country prefer strictly fresh, rather than frozen, lamb and mutton. But mutton cannot be stored satisfactorily without freezing for more than a short time. It is therefore difficult to move sheep from distant points of production to consuming centers without deterioration. There is frequently heavy loss through shrinkage and other causes resulting from long hauls. Extension of the domestic market for lamb and mutton and improvements in the method of supplying it are thus vital needs of the industry.

Good Wool Demand Apparent.

Wool marketing is much easier. Though the United States is the third country in wool production and has produced an average of 300,000,000 pounds a year for the last thirty-five years, it has never met the home demand. Imports for some years prior to the war averaged 200,000,000 pounds. They reached a peak at 453,727,000 pounds in 1918. Probably a normal annual amount which must be imported is around 300,000,000 pounds. American sheepmen have therefore no need to be afraid of overshooting the home demand for wool. Since 1921 wool prices have more than doubled. The problem of selling wool is not to create a market but to take the best advantage of the one that exists.

This has been attempted in the last few years by considerable extension of co-operative marketing. Great quantities of wool are now assembled annually by wool pools and held at central points for inspection by wool buyers. Co-operation, however, has seen its greatest development in the farm flock regions. On the range, co-operative marketing is comparatively new, and affects only a small portion of the wool sold by large ranching outfits. It has, however, achieved some success. Results indicate that co-operative selling stimulates competition among buyers, facilitates businesslike transactions, and tends to check overloading of markets.

The ratio of the number of sheep to population in the United States has declined since 1884. From 1893 to 1903 there were about 5 sheep for every 8 people. Ten years later there were only 4. From 1919 to 1923 there were only 2.8 sheep for every 8 people, or about 1.3 of a sheep per person. Nevertheless the total production of wool has remained practically constant owing to increase in the weight of the fleeces. Per capita consumption of wool has been maintained by great increases in imports.

Sudan Grass Is Annual Not Surviving Winter

Sudan grass is an annual and as such does not live over winter. If not pastured too severely there will be a late season growth, but it must be remembered that such a growth comes at a time when climatic conditions are likely to be unfavorable and formation of prussic acid may result.

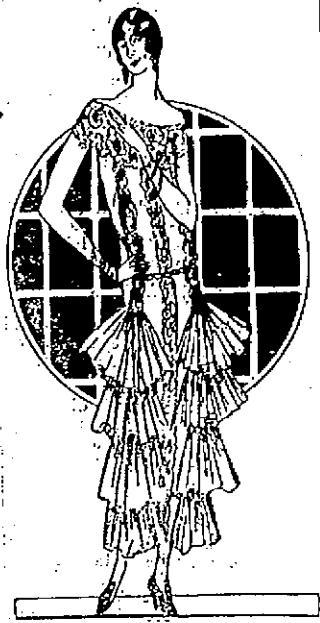
Fur Jabots Come Into Prominence

Decoration of White Ermine Is Effectively Used by Paris Designer.

Examples of the art of costume designing from two of the world's greatest dressmakers—Callot and Vionnet—are interesting. The Vionnet models illustrate new and clever variations of ideas which Vionnet herself introduced in the past and which have been so much played upon, not only by their originator, but by many other great dressmakers, that it would seem no one could evolve anything new from them.

Nothing could be more charming, writes a prominent fashion correspondent, than Vionnet's use of the jabot made of white ermine. She likes the showy pelt as a decoration for her simple black dresses. Her latest use of ermine is as a jabot, scarf and sleeve facings. The ermine jabot is a part of the dress, in reality being the facing of the double-breasted front, slit to form revers. The neck finishes with a straight scarf with ends hanging at the back or knotted in cravat style and pushed down under the jabot.

This neck finish is very becoming and especially good on a dark dress which is given a decidedly wintry look through the use of the fur. The bell sleeves are deeply faced with ermine and are slightly rolled back. Some



Mauve Lace and Mauve Crepe, the Skirt Formed of a Series of Plated Fans Made From Crepe.

American women in Paris have ordered this dress in blue serge with white ermine and many orders have been taken in black velvet. The skirt is attached to the bodice by means of tiny tucks which run around the figure, eight or ten sufficing to form a giraffe effect for the wrap-around skirt with the opening at the left side.

Another interpretation of the jabot effect by Madeleine Vionnet is seen in a one-piece dress with the jabot effect given through a side extension of the back and front. Instead of the ordinary underarm seam, these pieces are left free at the left side to ripple away in jabot effect. There is an extra underarm piece which covers the opening between the two jabots.

Except for this novelty the dress would be a straight chemise with a seam at the waistline which permits the skirt to overlap in coat fashion. The neck is cut out in simple bateau form and the long, light sleeves finish with handkerchief-like points which are knotted at the wrist. A tie belt surrounds the figure at a low waistline, and is ornamented with two buckle slides in plain steel. This model, like others, is developed in black satin.

Skirt Overlaps in Coat Fashion.

Clever models also are shown by this maker, using the scarf and panel. Only an artist could think of continuing a panel section at the back and front in scarf ends to form a decoration for an extremely simple dress. Vionnet develops one of her models in a heavy bronze green crepe satin. The back and front are exactly the same; one scarf end falls backward over the left shoulder and the other forward over the right shoulder. Where the overlapping panels meet, back and front, there are finely pressed plaits, known as plis lingeres.

The most interesting thing in all of Vionnet's work is the way in which, through an extremely complicated cut, she achieves a very simple appearing frock. Her cape dresses are cut so that the cape is in one with the frock itself and not joined to it at the back or shoulder seams. The ends of the cape may be wound about the frock to form a scarf, sash or jabot.

Vionnet makes coats having shoulder capes which may be converted into a scarf, or coats with scarfs from which a cape effect may be achieved. Even her long, light sleeves are cut with handkerchief points at the wrists which are knotted in scarf effect.

Dresses in two colors are typical of the models shown at the house of Vionnet this season as well as models made of two fabrics or a double-faced fabric in which both sides of the material are exploited. On another one of Vionnet's two-color dresses the two fabrics are joined at a low waistline in "Walls of Troy" design. Innumerable models of this kind are noted. One of the most popular combinations is that of red and black satin.

Similar models are shown in plain

and printed velvets, silver cloth and silver net, and, of course, often in one fabric. At first glance one is not completely converted to this two-piece, two-fabric and two-color idea, as the line seems to break too abruptly. But as a matter of fact these dresses are becoming the rage because they are different. They first appeared at Biarritz and now Paris manifests strong interest. From these dresses have developed coats of almost exactly the same cut.

Oresses Are Simple in Line.

Nothing could be more simple in line than some of Callot's new evening dresses, likewise nothing more gorgeous from a standpoint of coloring and embroidery. Blue is Callot's favorite color this season, and she often uses three shades of this color to form a simple chemise dress which she elaborately embroiders in gold and red. Thus, while the dress in form is of the simplest possible cut, it is so embellished on the surface that it becomes at once ceremonious to the utmost degree.

One model illustrates the simple line as shown by Callot. The dress is a combination of camellia pink and black velvet with very elaborate gold embroidery. The black contrasts strangely with the flesh of the wearer and it is so arranged that it forms a yoke and plastron for the bodice. The remainder of the dress is in the rose camellia pink. The smartest of Callot's models carry the corset inside. The wearer considers herself dressed with a pair of sheer silk stockings, skin-tight culottes of crepe de chine or satin, and then the dress—that is all.

On a winsome dress of dyed lace and crepe from Callot the lace exactly matches the crepe, which is a soft mauve shade. It is a very popular model and is notably chosen by youthful matrons. The skirt is formed of a series of plated fans of the crepe graduating in size and placed in panels of four to a group. The bodice shows a low bertha-like yoke of the mauve lace and insertion panels running up and down the chemise foundation which supports the fan-panels.

These little plated fans are used by Cherrill with success on a silver dress, the fans being of silver net. Vionnet attaches these fans to sash ends, using them so long that they form the only garniture for a dress, falling as they do from a low waistline almost to the skirt hem. With Vionnet they take more the shape of the closed fan than the open fan.

The house of Callot upholds in a most splendid manner its tradition for beautiful colors, gorgeous materials and magnificent embroideries. The Oriental note, throughout, this entire line is most pronounced.

Many of the extremely Oriental types of evening dresses are more or less fantastic adaptations from Spanish costumes. Few of the shockingly nude effects brought out in the fall are seen at this time. One sees less frequently the evening gown cut out under the arms to the waistline and the skirt draped so that the leg of the wearer shows almost to the knee.

Simple Frocks for Spring.

The panel dress is still much in use; that is, the dress made of a series of fans or panels, most of the panels elaborately embroidered in Persian or Chinese designs. The colors of these embroideries also are of the Orient. Among the Chinese designs many landscapes are seen. Frequently the dress is covered with embroidery showing pagodas, bridges and exquisitely wrought figures of Chinese people in brilliant dress who wander over the frock.

Daytime dresses for spring have a simplicity in both line and trimming



Dress Combining Camellia Pink and Black Velvet. It Is Elaborately Embroidered in Gold Thread.

that is very youthful. The length of the skirt remains about the same. The waistline in this type of frock is low and sleeves are long and tight fitting. Occasional sleeves show interesting trimming details, such as ruffles at the wrist or a simple but unusual white cuff. Some of the afternoon dresses have a fullness massed directly in the front of the skirt. There are also a few models having skirts of circular cut, but these are invariably of a fabric so light in weight, and so supple that the skirt falls in straight lines.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Atmospheric Conditions Warn of Foul Weather

Sometimes when the air is extraordinarily clear and distant objects are visible with unusual sharpness and sounds come from afar with startling distinctness, it is a warning of foul weather. Then it is

When the peacock loudly bawls Boon we'll have both rain and squalls.

Under these atmospheric conditions the songs and cries of birds sound loud to the ear. The barking of dogs, the howling of cattle, the whistles of locomotives, the honking of motor horns, come from far away, whence sounds are not commonly heard. To the eye the difference of visibility from the ordinary may be likened to the contrast between a view through a pane of ordinary window glass and that through one of plate glass. The reason is that during the occurrence of a warm southerly wind at a moderate height, a condition usually preceding a storm, a stratus cloud is likely to cut off the sun's heating from the ground and so prevent irregularities in heating and also to permit the surface air to remain cool. The result is a homogeneous lower atmosphere through which light and sound waves travel without local disturbance. The sound waves are further intensified at a distance from their source by a phenomenon very common on a quiet morning after a clear night when the air close to the surface is cooler than that a few hundred feet aloft. There is a concentration of the waves. In the warmer air at a moderate height the sound waves travel faster than in the lower colder air, so those that ascend are bent back to earth and combine with those that travel the normal straight course, thus intensifying the sound in the listener's ears.

Star Was Once Called Center of Universe

Aleone, the brightest star of the Pleiades, equals in brightness the star Zosma. It was at one time fancifully pictured as the center of the universe by the astronomer Madler, but this was merely a speculation for which there is absolutely no foundation. The Pleiades form, in fact, a moving cluster of stars of 200 or more members, and its principal stars are associated with a nebula of vast size. There is no reason to believe that our sun with his family of planets is moving around this or any other center in the universe. It has been estimated that the distance of the Pleiades from the solar system is over 800 light years, or, in other words, that the light from this cluster takes over 800 years to travel to the earth. We see these stars today as they were before the Pilgrim fathers landed in America. Nature Magazine.

No Smokeless Explosives

The geological survey says that there are no absolutely smokeless explosives. There is always a little vapor present even in compressed air. Smokeless powder is simply smokeless powder giving very much less smoke than black gunpowder. Though smokelessness is the characteristic that has attracted attention to such powders, their superior power is important. While black gunpowder imparted to the projectile an initial velocity of 1,700 feet per second, initial velocities of over 3,000 footseconds have been attained with smokeless powders. This has compelled fighting modern battles in open order and at long range and has made necessary an increase in thickness and resistance in the armor of battleships.

Big Job

A clergyman, seeking to introduce some new hymn books, gave the clerk a notice after the sermon. The clerk had a notice of his own to give with reference to baptism of infants. At the close he announced: "All those who have children they wish baptized, please send in their names at once."

The clergyman, who was deaf, assuming that the clerk was giving his notice, arose and said: "And I want to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained from me any day, between two and four o'clock, the ones with the red backs at 25 cents and the ordinary little ones at 15 cents."

Life, Money and Women.

Half the trouble in life comes from too much joy.

Two women may agree, but miracles are never sure.

Matrimony is one way to end uncertainty.

Lend me a dollar and I will wish you had remained my friend.—Richard Times-Dispatch.

The Pilgrim

Mother—Why, Pierre, you've been fighting with that little wild Indian boy again.

Pierre—Yes; he called me a pumpkin pale face, and said that I was such a hum shot that I couldn't even take home a turkey feather. So I knocked his black off and took his whole turkey decorations.

It All Depends

The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.—American Legion Weekly.

Metals Are Transparent When Subjected to Heat

Very thin films of certain metals become transparent at heats not nearly sufficient to melt them. For instance, if we take a sheet of gold leaf somewhat thinner than the paper on which this is printed and heat it by an electrical current to temperature of about 2,400 degrees Fahrenheit, it will become as transparent as a pane of green-colored glass. If carefully kept from drafts very much finer sheets of gold leaf can thus be heated by clamping them on frames of marble or slate and applying the current through the metal strips which clamp each end of the sheet.

When this is done with gold leaf of about one-hundredth the thickness of ordinary paper and the current is gradually increased until the temperature reaches 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, the leaf becomes not only translucent, but transparent, so that it is actually possible to see through it. For apparently the same reason silver foil, which requires only 2,250 degrees to make it clearly transparent, shows a bluish-violet tint. Copper foil has also been made transparent in this way, but remains so only for a short time, as it combines with the oxygen of air when thus heated, and the resulting compound is not transparent.

Arizona Copper Mine Has Steepest Incline

The Shannon incline, which is used to handle ore at copper mines in Arizona, is a notable piece of mechanical construction. It has a length of 1,500 feet and a vertical drop of 500 feet. It is said to be the steepest incline anywhere.

One of the difficult problems met with in mining in many places is the transportation of ores and supplies up and down mountain sides. Some of the most valuable mines are not infrequently situated far up the side of a mountain. It may be impracticable or impossible to bring the ore down by ordinary methods of transportation, such as wagons or trucks or upon the backs of burros. In such event the only solution of the problem is to build aerial tramways or inclines.

Now the Shannon incline is built of 35-pound steel rails. The track consists of five parallel rails. It has a 40-inch gauge, upon which the ore skips operate, and a 20-inch gauge for the small supply trucks. Special attention was given to providing a solid roadbed and in laying large, sound ties in the construction of the road. The ties are six by ten inches in size. The two ore skips are operated by gravity.

Find Statue 5,000 Years Old

A royal statue 5,000 years old is one of the many relics unearthed by excavations recently made on the site of Ur in Mesopotamia, the home town of Abraham's ancestors. The statue was dug up in the ruins of a temple dedicated to the moon god, whose worship was observed there for probably 4,000 years. It is a figure of Entemena, king of Lagash, who lived about 2300 B. C. What he looked like is impossible to discover as the head of the statue is missing. Records show the temple to have been rebuilt in 2300 B. C., after many centuries of use. It was remodeled by Nebuchadnezzar and again by Cyrus the Great in the fifth century B. C. This was probably the last alteration as less than a century later the Persian fire-worshippers destroyed all the temples and images of the ancient idolatrous religion.

Mother's Mistake

"You look worried, old man," said Charles. "What's the matter?"

"I called on Miss Graham last night," returned Claude, "and no sooner had I entered the house than her mother appeared and demanded to know my intentions."

"That situation must have been rather embarrassing."

"Yes, but that wasn't the worst. Just as the old lady finished speaking, Miss Graham shouted down the stairs:

"Mother, that isn't the one!"

Trace Yellow Fever to Africa.

Origin of yellow fever is thought to have been in Africa, the disease being carried to America in connection with the slave trade, according to one theory.

Courage Counts.

If the world doesn't recognize your talents, don't get discouraged—get mad. An angry man accomplishes something a discouraged one never does.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Mercury, February 7, 1824
The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "It is stated that there are six hundred and thirty-nine widows in the town of Newport (Rhode Island), being one-twelfth of the population of that town. Should the proposed law pass in Pennsylvania, for taxing old bachelors, we would advise the venerable gentlemen to emigrate to Newport in a body."

Deaths in Newport for the month of January: White males none; white females 6; white children 6; colored females 1; total 13.

Died in this town on Monday last, Capt. Charles Davenport, in the 71st year of his age. He was a patriot of the Revolution, and sustained through life the character of an upright, intelligent and useful citizen.

In Congress Thursday a bill which had passed the senate for the relief of the President and Directors of the Merchants Bank in Newport was received and referred to the House.

Stephen Cahoon advertised in this issue, "Three hales live geese feathers," also "Pure sperm oil, in quantity from half a pint to 1000 gallons."

Robert Sherman advertised "1000 barrels Prime Pork, 5000 Beef, 5000 Cheese, 3000 wt. good Butter, 3000 bushels R. I. Greenings, 2000 wt. Hams, together with a general assortment of groceries, for cash or approved credit, or will be exchanged for country produce, factory cloth or cotton yarn."

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Mercury, February 10, 1849

On Monday last we had a severe snow storm, which covered the ground about six inches on the level, and made the sleighing in every direction superb. The sleighs were put in requisition, and for several days past the sport has continued with unabated zest. Among others which passed our office, we noticed a handsome four-horse sleigh from the stable of A. Stewart. It contained a large and merry party of young ladies and was driven by that skillful horseman, Charles Tennant.

The ship Audley Clarke, Demis, is nearly ready, and is expected to sail in a few days for California. She will carry about 90 persons.

Henry Clay was on the 1st inst. elected U. S. Senator from Kentucky for six years. On Tuesday William H. Seward was elected U. S. Senator from New York.

At Lexington, on the field of the first Revolutionary struggle for independence, there still lives a woman now in her 101st year. She is still in good health and can tell all about the battle of Lexington.

A horse left standing in a wagon, in a near by town, was frightened by snow falling from a house and started to run, but was stopped by the owner's dog, which seized the reins and hauled the horse up to a post.

Coal has recently been discovered in Cranston in this state, which has been passed by an expert as superior to any heretofore discovered in any other part of the state. The ashes are red and the coal burns freely. It has been pronounced by experts as nearly as good as the English cannon coal.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
Mercury, February 7, 1874

Col. Higginson's lecture on Thursday evening completed the exceedingly interesting and instructive course of lectures which has been provided for the people of Newport this winter. None but the best talent in the country has been employed, and the fact that the aisles of the Opera House had to be filled with chairs to accommodate the crowd shows that the efforts of the committee were appreciated.

Dr. Mott fell in with a customer yesterday who had, uninvited, made himself comfortable in the Doctor's office chair during the latter's temporary absence. When invited to depart he refused to go, and the police, which had to be called in, had to use considerable force to persuade him to induce the intruder to leave his comfortable quarters.

It is reported that the purchasers of Sachuest Point, between the Second and Third beaches, will erect a large hotel there this summer. We should think that such an enterprise might be profitable. (It never materialized.)

The Teachers' Association of Tiverton held a monthly meeting at Benefit Hall, yesterday. Commissioner of Public Schools Bicknell made a most interesting address on "The Duties of the Citizens to the Schools." (After fifty years former Commissioner Bicknell, apparently as young as ever, is still making interesting addresses.)

The meeting of the City Council Tuesday evening was less stormy than might have been expected considering the warlike elements of which that body is composed, but there were several animated discussions which served to make the meeting interesting to the spectators, as well as the participants.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Mercury, February 11, 1899

Messrs Peter King and Angus McLeod are spending a few days in Joliet, Ill.

The summer residence of Misses Ellen F. and Ida Mason on Rhode

Island avenue was totally destroyed by fire on Thursday evening with most of its contents. The fire department was greatly hampered by the intense cold.

Next Wednesday will be the first anniversary of the sinking of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor. By order of Governor Dyer, the flags on all the armories in the state will float at half-staff as a grateful tribute to the memory of the sailors whose lives were lost when the Maine went down.

Tuesday evening was a banner one in the history of Excelsior Lodge of this city, twenty-eight candidates taking the initiatory degree on that evening. A banquet followed the session.

Col. A. C. Landers assumed charge of the Newport Postoffice Thursday evening, relieving Col. Dalton E. Young, the retiring Postmaster.

Mrs. William A. Peckham, Mrs. Robert Morley, Mrs. Thomas P. Peckham and Miss Bertha Peckham started for New York last evening on a visit.

Capt. James Clifford of Middleboro, Mass., formerly of this city, has been in town this week.

Next Wednesday will be Ash Wednesday and the beginning of Lent.

Miss Edith Tilley is visiting friends in Brookline, Mass.

The annual convention of the Knights of Columbus of Rhode Island was held in Providence Tuesday afternoon. Rev. William B. Meenan of this city was elected state chaplain.

In the editorial column of the Boston Herald appears the following tribute to the family of Mr. George H. Norman: "Congratulations to Lieut. George H. Norman, Jr., formerly of the Gloucester. He was honorably discharged from the service some time ago, but this handsome recognition of gallant service is none the less gratifying. It is another reminder of the fact that the Norman family was represented by no less than four young men in the late war, and they were all at the front."

A lady residing on Washington Square, on Sunday last, saw thirty persons fall on the sidewalk within one hour. The lady tells us the wicked stand in slippery places. Evidently these people do not belong to that class, for they could not stand in slippery places.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of this state held its annual session in Providence on Tuesday. The annual reports show the Order to be in a prosperous condition. Spencer B. Hopkins of Providence was elected Grand Master. Archibald B. Sayer of this city Grand Warden. Lewis R. Manchester of Portsmouth was appointed on committee on Correspondence and Allen C. Griffith on state of the Order.

MIDDLETOWN

The Holy Cross Guild held an all day meeting on Wednesday at the Guild House.

The regular meeting of the Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee, which was to have been held on Thursday, was omitted. A meeting will be called by the chairman as soon as word is received from Miss Mary K. Nelson, at New England Divisional Headquarters, Boston, that a nurse has been secured for this town. The Middletown Red Cross Public Health Committee has issued its annual report, which is the first under the new committee formed in January, 1923. This report comprises the report of the chairman, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot, the treasurer's report, and the report of the nurse, Violet H. Hodgson.

The turkey supper which was to have been given on Thursday evening by the men of the Methodist Episcopal church has been postponed to Feb. 19. On next Sunday evening the pastor of the church, Rev. John Pearce, will give an address on Lincoln at the regular evening service.

Miss Grace Anthony of Providence is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony.

A corporation meeting of St. Mary's parish was held at St. Mary's Rectory recently to elect officers to fill the vacancies caused by the death of James R. Chase, who was Senior Warden of the church from 1891, and Vestryman from 1893 until the time of his death. Mr. Henry I. Chase was elected as Senior Warden and Mr. Robert S. Chase as Vestryman. It was voted to make further apportionments for the Rector and for the use of the Rector in care of the church grounds.

Mr. Vanicek is having a new wall built in front of his nursery stock on the East Main Road. The new wall will start just south of the Susan Anthony place and run south.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday with Mrs. Reston S. Peckham. The subject "The Rockefeller Foundation," was in charge of Mrs. Edward A. Brown.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND
Public Hearing

State House, Providence, Feb. 1, 1924.

Direct Primary Law

The joint special committee on direct primary law, appointed at the January session, 1923, will hear all persons interested in the matter of a direct primary law in hearing room 313 on Friday, Feb. 2, 1924, at 2:30 p. m.

Chairman, ARTHUR A. SHERMAN. Clerk, GEORGE ROBINSON.

PORTSMOUTH
(From our regular correspondent)

St. Paul's Guild held a whist party at Willow Brook on Tuesday evening. Thirteen tables were filled with players. A musical program followed, with vocal solos by Mrs. George A. Sward and violin solos by Mrs. Charles G. Clarke. Refreshments were served.

Mr. Jack Garforth was bitten by a dog on Tuesday evening. The dog then turned on another man who was present at the time.

Plans are being made by the Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., for a party at the Home for the Aged in Newport. The date has not been definitely decided, but it will be during the month of March.

The Ladies' Association of St. Paul's Church met on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. John L. Borden.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Harriman and family have left town for a short vacation before beginning their new work in Schuylkill, Pa. Packers are packing their household goods preparing to move it by trucks to their new home.

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Carr is seriously ill at her home on East Main Road.

Mrs. George F. Wyatt has as guest her aunt, Mrs. Elmer L. Smith of Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Isabelle L. Tallman has gone to Springfield, Mass., where she will spend the remainder of the winter with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ray B. Tallman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Holman are having electric lights and a bath-room installed in their home.

Chief Carpenter Harold Dillon, of the "Rappahannock," is home on sick leave.

The supper and Ladies Night, which was planned by the Men's Community Club of St. Mary's and Holy Cross parishes, to have been held on Monday evening at Oakland Hall, has been indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Antoine Fontaine has purchased the cottage of Mrs. Josephine Brown on Quaker Hill. He is having it remodelled and improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Chase are receiving congratulations upon the birth of twins, a son and a daughter, born at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday.

The sewing circle of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., held an all-day meeting on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Andrew Malone. The members listened to the funeral services of ex-President Woodrow Wilson and the organ recital receding it.

A whist was given by the social committee of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., Tuesday evening, at Oakland Hall. Seven tables were filled, which was a fairly good gathering considering the extremely bad weather.

Mr. Charles W. Anthony is confined to his home by illness.

A meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal parish house of the home economics class in dress form and pattern making.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Dennis, nee Beatrice Dwyer, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, born on Monday at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. Mary E. Tallman entertained recently in honor of her birthday. She had as guests Mrs. William B. Clarke, Mrs. William F. Brayton, Mrs. Clarence Brown, and Mrs. Fannie T. Anthony. These ladies always entertain each other for their birthdays, a custom of many years' standing.

The following books were loaned from the Free Public Library during January: Science and Art 23, biography 23, geography and travel 34, history 10, poetry and drama 21, literature and language 32, miscellaneous 27, fiction 562, total 732.

A united missionary service for the St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches will be held next Sunday at St. Mary's church at 2:30 o'clock p. m. The services at the Holy Cross church will be omitted.

Miss Violetta Yeaw of Providence has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Bertha Yeaw.

Mrs. Lottie Geisler has had as guest her son, Mr. Leon Geisler, who is employed in Worcester.

Among those who attended the meeting and luncheon held in Providence by the National Girl Scout Association were Mrs. Walter B. Chase, Mrs. Fred Webb, Mrs. Alexander Boone, Ms. B. W. Storrs and Miss Gertrude Macomber, Deputy Commissioner, from this town.

Casing-Head Gas.
Casing-head gas has been made since 1904. An oil which has the faculty of absorbing gasoline from natural gas is sprayed downward through a tall pipe or tower, while the natural gas coming out at the top is practically without gasoline, while the oil at the bottom has absorbed it. Then, by a simple process of distillation, the gasoline is derived from the oil, and the oil goes through the same operation again. A good sized plant can treat 80,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas this way, and obtain at least 8,000 gallons of gasoline a day.

Two Good Rules.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry Van Dyke.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1-In various places in the Bible; the Ten Commandments are called: Testimony and Covenant.
- 2-God did not allow the people to come to the top of Mount Sinai while He was speaking to them.
- 3-God commanded Aaron to assist Moses as an interpreter.
- 4-Cain was jealous of Abel because God had accepted Abel's offering of sacrifice and had rejected his.
- 5-David was called to the court of King Saul, to chase away the King's madness.
- 6-Gallileo was very remarkable for its fertility of soil.
- 7-His oxen and asses were stolen, and the servants slain; this was the first disaster that befell Job.
- 8-John the Baptist's public ministry was brought to a close when King Herod had him put in prison.
- 9-When Moses perceived the suffering of his people, he was determined to go to them as their helper.
- 10-God found Noah's family faithful.
- 11-The Ark was under construction 120 years.
- 12-The "Stone of Abel" was the place where the Ark rested in the field of Joshua at Bethshemesh.
- 13-Noah built the Ark of gopher wood.
- 14-Queen Esther went before King Ahasuerus to plead for the lives of the Jews.
- 15-King Ahasuerus freed the Jews.
- 16-Zeresh was the wife of Haman.
- 17-Upon returning to Bethlehem, Naomi requested that the people call her Mara.
- 18-Symuel poured consecrated oil over Saul's head when he told him he was to be captain of the people.

MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1-When did Omri purchase the city of Samaria?
- 2-What did God tell Moses would happen to the people if they came up on Mount Sinai while He was talking with them?
- 2-How did God let the people know that He was ready to speak to them?
- 4-When Moses could not hold up his hands to indicate victory for Israel, during the battle with Amalek, who assisted him?
- 5-Where in the Bible is Satan called a murderer?
- 6-Of what size did God command Noah to build the Ark?
- 7-Where in the Bible is Noah referred to as a "preacher of righteousness?"
- 8-Who was allowed to come on Mount Sinai with God?
- 9-To what tribe of people did God speak the Ten Commandments?
- 10-When Herod the Great rebuilt the city of Samaria, what did he call it?
- 11-How was it possible for Saul to prophesy when he was only an obscure man?
- 12-What was the meaning of the name Naomi?
- 13-What sentence did King Ahasuerus pronounce against Haman for the way he had treated the Jews?
- 14-Whom did Moses kill, and why?
- 15-How many stories high was the Ark?
- 16-What was the consequence when sinners did not repent at the preaching of Noah?
- 17-To what extent was Aaron dependent upon his brother Moses?
- 18-Where is it supposed Jeremiah died?

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 25th, 1924.

ESTATE OF ELLEN DOLOAN KELLY
PETER TURNER, Conservator of the property of Ellen Dolan Kelly, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said Ellen Dolan Kelly for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 25th, 1924.

ESTATE OF ELLEN DOLOAN KELLY
AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Ellen Dolan Kelly, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the eighteenth day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 25th, 1924.

ESTATE OF EVELINE READ
MAUREL R. LEWIS and INA E. SIMMONS have this day filed in this office their petition in writing to the Probate Court of said Middletown, praying that Frank L. Tinkham, of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or some other suitable person, be appointed Administrator of the estate of Eveline Read, late of said Taunton, who deceased intestate, and notice is hereby given to all persons interested in said estate, that the same will be considered and acted upon at the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., January 21, A. D. 1924.

ESTATE OF MARIA GRACIA DE SIENAS

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator of the estate of Maria Gracia de Sienas, widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court for examination and allowance his first and final account therewith, showing distribution of the surplus of said estate to the persons entitled to the same.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?
USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE
NEWPORT DAILY NEWS
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS-BILL WILL BE SENT
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION; 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations General Lost and Found

New York
VIA FALL RIVER LINE
Fare \$4.44
Large, Comfortable Staterooms Orchestra on each Steamer
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

COKE FOR SALE
\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works
60 cents per hundred pounds
Newport Gas Light Co.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 15th, 1924.

ESTATE OF ELLEN A. HATHAWAY
REQUEST in writing is made by Mary B. Hathaway, said daughter of Ellen A. Hathaway, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that she, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Eleventh day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 15th, 1924.

ESTATE OF ANNIE M. WINTERS
NOTICE is hereby given that U. Francis Winters has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Annie M. Winters, of full age, of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the time required by law beginning February 2nd, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 31st, 1924.

ESTATE OF CHARLES G. ANTHONY

NOTICE is hereby given that Newport Trust Company has qualified as Conservator of the property of Charles G. Anthony of said Newport. Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the time required by law beginning February 2nd, 1924.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 26th, 1924.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

ESTATE OF ANN LOTHROP

NOTICE is hereby given that Everett H. Waldron, of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., Administrator of the estate in Rhode Island of Anna L. Lothrop, widow, late of said Taunton, deceased, has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator. He has appointed Albert L. Chase of said Middletown, as his agent in the State of Rhode Island, and that the Postoffice address of said agent is Box 12, Newport, R. I.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased in the State of Rhode Island, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court within six months from February 2, 1924, the date of the first advertisement thereof.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I., January 21, A. D. 1924.

ESTATE OF GEORGE A. READ

FRANK L. TINKHAM, the Administrator of the estate of George A. Read, late of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, presents to this Court his petition in writing, together with a copy of said will and of the Probate thereof, under the seal of the Court of Probate, within and for the County of Bristol, in said Commonwealth of Massachusetts, before which Court said will has been proved, requesting that said will be admitted to probate, and the estate of George A. Read, late of the City of Taunton, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, be referred to the Probate Court of the Town of Middletown, according to law, said George A. Read having left estate in the State of Rhode Island, and in said Town of Middletown, wherein said will may operate, and that letters of Administration with the will annexed on the estate of said George A. Read, found in the State of Rhode Island, may be issued to him, said petitioner.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, A. D. 1924, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

CRIMSON HEAT
"Red It In Good"
DOES THE TRICK FOR PAINS and ACHES
Caused by Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Headache, Backache, Toothache, Stiff Neck, Cold in the Chest, Stomach, Aching Joints, Strains, Sprains, Bruises.
Nearly every day you have need for it in your home, you should keep it on hand always. Your druggist sells it in large, handy tubes, price 75c. If he hasn't it, send price direct to THE ALPEN CO., 1127 East Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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Sturdy shoes for winter wear in styles of the latest vogue
Rubber footwear for the whole family
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